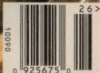
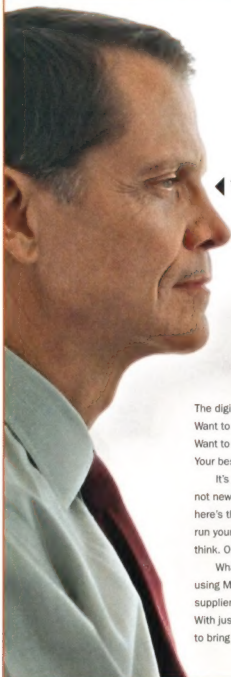


TIME



Identification papers
belonging to
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from the town of Kolic





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Women's World Cup: Mia Hamm leads a strong U.S. team (see SPORT)

TODD ANDERSON/REUTERS



Hell in Kosovo: In Cuska, Gentiana Gashi, 11, recalls finding her father's body (see COVER)

REUTERS/CLAIRE



Urban Jungle: The Bronx's gorilla habitat (see SCIENCE AND SOCIETY)

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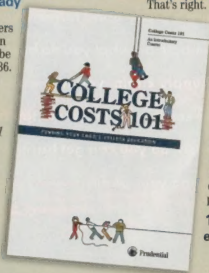
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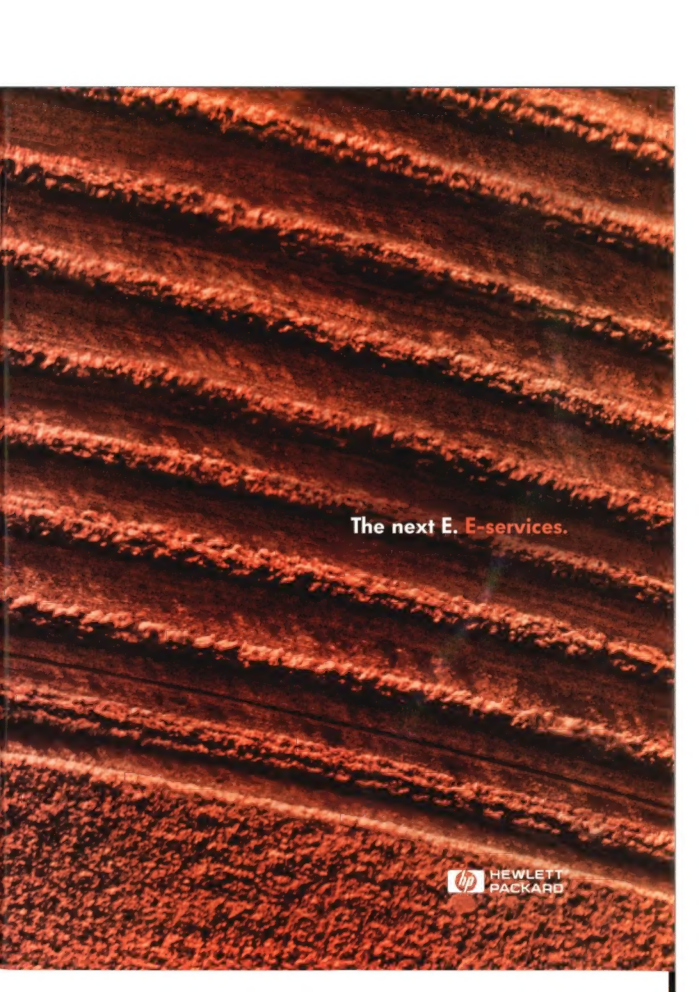


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Adam Cohen/Hanover, Va.

A Sister's Plea: Test the DNA

Her brother was executed. Now she wants to know if he was guilty

Her brother's struggle continues beyond the grave: Sheila Knox hopes tests will show that Virginia killed an innocent man



SHEILA KNOX SITS IN HER backyard on a gravel road on the outskirts of Richmond, Va., and flips through old photographs of her brother Joseph O'Dell. It's hardly a typical family album. There's Bubba, as she calls him, in a schoolboy outfit, leaning up against his baby sister. Then a grownup Bubba hugging her when she visited him on Christmas Day at a Florida prison. And finally Bubba shortly before the Commonwealth of Virginia executed him by lethal injection. Knox believes they killed the wrong man. And she knows the state now has the tools to prove whether or not she is right. Says Knox, fighting tears: "I want closure."

The O'Dell saga began 14 years ago in a muddy field across the street from the Coun-

ty Line, a Virginia Beach honky-tonk. There the police found the lifeless body of Helen Scharter, 44, a secretary. Her head had been smashed by blows from a handgun, and she had been strangled until her neck snapped.

O'Dell, a machinist with an ugly rap sheet, was arrested and charged with rape and capital murder. He had been seen at the County Line the evening Scharter was killed, though not with her. Later he'd walked into a convenience store with blood on his face, hands and clothes—the result, he said, of a fight at another bar. There were no witnesses to the killing. But circumstantial evidence—including tire tracks consistent with those from O'Dell's car and tests of the blood on his clothing—seemed to link him to the crime.

O'Dell was convicted in 1986 and sentenced to death. In his 11 years on death row, supporters managed to persuade insti-

tutions as far afield as the Italian Parliament and the Pope to raise doubts about his guilt. They pointed to evidence that the crucial blood test may have been botched and that O'Dell may have been bloodied, as he claimed, in a brawl elsewhere. But prosecutors insisted the case against him was solid, and after the U.S. Supreme Court rejected his last appeal by a 5-to-4 vote in July 1997, O'Dell was executed.

Death usually forecloses further appeals. But O'Dell's supporters are trying to force prosecutors to turn over never tested sperm that was taken from the victim's body. At the time of O'Dell's trial, the samples weren't large enough to test, but advances in DNA technology now permit smaller amounts to be analyzed. O'Dell's supporters say

testing is the only way to resolve whether O'Dell was guilty.

Prosecutors say, however, that state law allows them to destroy the sperm, which currently sits in an evidence locker in the Virginia Beach circuit-court clerk's office. Otherwise, relatives of "every executed inmate in Virginia would want to have his DNA evidence tested after the fact," says David Botkins, spokesman for the state's attorney general. A trial-court judge last month ruled that the evidence can be destroyed without testing, but an appeal is headed for the Virginia Supreme Court.

O'Dell's side says the dispute raises a larger question: Shouldn't the state do everything it can to learn whether it is executing the right person? So far, DNA evidence has exonerated 63 people in U.S. prisons, including several on death row. The latest is Calvin Johnson, released last Tuesday after serving 16 years of a life sentence in Georgia for a murder that a DNA test now shows he didn't commit. But in the O'Dell case, says Paul Enzina, a lawyer for the dead man's supporters, "the state is saying, 'We want to destroy the evidence for the sole pur-

pose of preventing the public from getting information about it.'"

If the state is forced to permit the DNA test, there is a good chance it will prove O'Dell's guilt. Knox is eager to believe the best about her brother: that a 1975 kidnapping conviction

was probably a setup, that his fatal knifing of a fellow inmate was self-defense. But to less loving eyes, O'Dell seems like a man who might well have been capable of killing Scharter. All the more reason, says Knox, that the state should hand over the evidence. "Let's test it and find out."

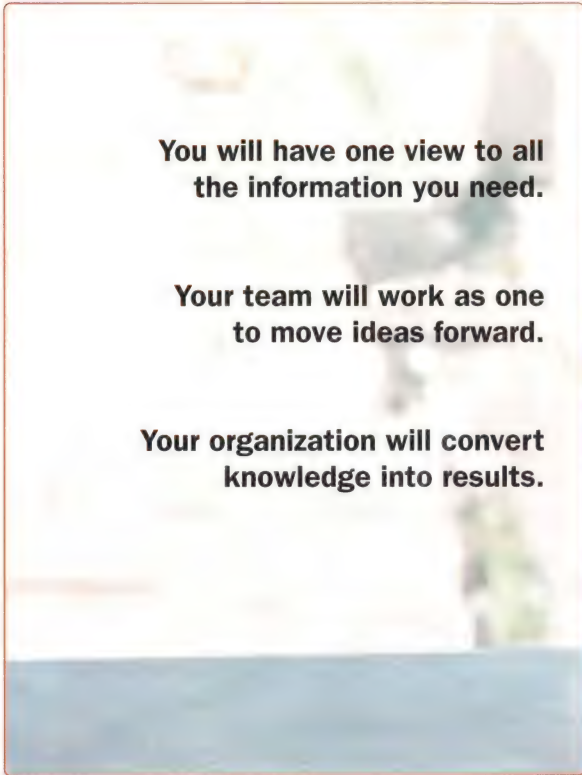


O'Dell was convicted on circumstantial evidence

"Let's test it and find out."—SHEILA KNOX, sister of Joseph O'Dell

Virginia authorities want to destroy the sperm, which is still untested





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LETTERS



The Next Cold War?

“Sino-American relations have dropped to their lowest point ever. To salvage the relationship, don’t contain China, embrace her.”

MOSES LI
 Charlotte, N.C.

THANK YOU FOR OBJECTIVELY EXAMINING the seriousness of China’s spying on the U.S. [THE COX REPORT, June 7]. While there is no doubt that China has sought to appropriate classified defense technology from the U.S., the Cox report sounds dangerously overwrought. The very notion that 80,000 Chinese nationals visit the U.S. every year to glean whatever military information they can reeks of xenophobia. Shame on the Republicans for using U.S.-Chinese relations for petty domestic political purposes. It will merely lend credence to hard-liners in China, who for reasons of their own would like a more adversarial relationship with the U.S.

MICHAEL BIRD
 Toronto

UNLESS THE U.S. IS PLANNING TO confront the People’s Liberation Army in the mountains of Manchuria, China is decades from posing a military threat. The Cox report exposes one thing: we continue to have significant security lapses at the highest levels of our military.

ERIC J. SMITH
 Pontiac, Mich.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT SOME AMERICANS think of China as an upstart world power. During the past century, the U.S. has risen to world leadership while China was brought to its knees by instabilities introduced into its society as a result of European imperialism. But China was a world leader two millenniums before this country was “discovered” by the Europeans. Throughout most of its history, the Chinese empire has not been particularly interested in territorial expansion. That the Chinese have done so little with the alleged stolen “secrets” supports this view. Americans would do well to see China as a former world power in the process of re-establishing its international legitimacy.

RON WIECKI
 Madison, Wis.

THE PICTURE PAINTED BY THE COX REPORT is no less ridiculous than the Chinese government’s insistence that NATO’s bombing of the Chinese embassy in Belgrade was the result of a conspiracy. Let’s hope cooler heads prevail and Sino-American relations improve in the long run, to the benefit of all of us.

HONG MA
 Port Jefferson Station, N.Y.

TIME PLACES ASIAN EYES ON ITS COVER, implying that Asians are spies. Once again the loyalty of Asian Americans is being questioned.

JIMMY WANG
 Moffett Field, Calif.

THE MILLIONS LIKE ME WHO TOOK PART in the events at Beijing University’s Triangle and Tiananmen Square can never forget them. It is true that the student and civilian demands were justifiable and that the government’s harsh response was a terrible mistake. But we must see that China has changed and that the government is different in some respects. More important, China is freer, wealthier and more open. At this critical moment, with the spy scandal and the embassy bombing, Sino-American relations have dropped to their lowest point ever. To salvage the relationship, don’t contain China, embrace her.

MOSES LI
 Charlotte, N.C.

THE BEAUTY OF THIS COUNTRY IS THAT something called the American Dream is still true. It attracts the best scientists and engineers from all over the world. That is why America is the world’s strongest nation. Unfortunately, the door is closing because the average Joes and Janes are told that the Chinese students we see every day on campus could be spies. This is dangerously misleading and can only hurt America.

JANE HOWE
 Alfred, N.Y.

THE SKINNY ON SPIES

What's this hullabaloo about China's successful spying? I worked for the Defense Intelligence Agency (an oxymoron), and I know that almost all countries have spies. Sometimes spies even trade secrets so both look good to their bosses. The U.S. intelligence community is just a sore loser because someone beat it at its own game.

Sam Warren
Tijuana, Mexico

In English, Latin or Aramaic

RE THE ARTICLE ON THE RETURN TO THE Latin Mass [RELIGION, June 7]: as a Roman Catholic priest for 19 years, it does not bother me that some Catholics are attending valid Latin Masses. What is bothersome is that many of them think only their style of worship is valid, and that mine is not. Fortunately, the Eucharist depends not on language but on the command of Jesus to "do this in memory of me," and these words were not spoken in Latin.

(THE REV.) MIKE MAHONEY
Incline Village, Nev.

Cable's Catered and Caterers

I WISH TO THANK CINIA BELLAFANTE FOR her fine article "Catering to Cable Guys" [TELEVISION, June 7] on the raunchy popular entertainment currently aimed at young "men." When she remarks on the "long boyhood" of American males, she hits the mark exactly. Men worthy of admiration and esteem have class and a sense of humor.

There is a great deal of value in relationships and in sex (when it is experienced as something more than a cheap thrill), all of which is denied, even mocked, in this form of popular culture. I feel sorry for the "boys" who revel in such entertainment and, presuming they are learning to be manly, learn instead only to be offensive.

SARA E. LUSSIER
New York City

TIME'S DESCRIPTION OF TELEVISION program content in "Catering to Cable Guys" clearly indicates there's a group even more cretinous than the men who find it entertaining and the TV executives responsible for airing these shows—the women who debase themselves and their gender by appearing in them.

JULIE AHO
Duluth, Minn.

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Loss of Control

HELP MUST BE THERE FOR THOSE WHO, IN their mental illness, cannot help themselves, as you indicate in your article "What It Would Really Take" [NATION, June 7]. On April 15, I was in Salt Lake City, Utah, on the second floor of the Latter Day Saints Family History Library, when Sergei Babarin walked in and started shooting. Like many others, I fled out the back emergency exit that unforgettable Thursday morning. I do not blame Babarin for the ordeal because I know that he was deep in the throes of his mental illness.

I do blame whoever denied Babarin the help he so badly needed. The old Victorian notion of warehousing the mentally ill and throwing away the key is barbaric. But pushing these people out on the street to fend for themselves is equal-

ly barbaric. I find it ironic that because of my experience with an uncontrolled madman, I must see a therapist to help me deal with the terror that remains.

SANDRA KINTER
West Bloomfield, Mich.

PEOPLE WHO DO NOT HAVE COMPLETE control over their emotions under all circumstances are by definition "not normal"; i.e., they have a degree of mental illness. The published statistics are laughable to physicians on the front lines in primary care.

Eighty percent of the population is mentally ill at some given time, and all of us are mentally ill to a degree. By the way, the term mental illness is an anachronism; it should more correctly be called brain biochemical dysfunction. The majority of Americans, including some of the supposed intellectually sophisticated, don't have a clue as to the pervasiveness of the problem.

JOHN M.R. KUHN, M.D.
Rothschild, Wis.

IT'S A HOAX: NO VOTE YET



Recently the controversial Drudge Report blasted onto the Internet with a "world exclusive" report that TIME magazine

was planning to name America's 32nd President, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, its Person of the Century. "As speculation on the outside is just beginning, inside TIME magazine's elite editorial circle—speculation is over," blared the Report. Upon hearing Drudge's pronouncement, TIME readers immediately began e-mailing us, with many of them disapproving of the choice but hoping that it was a hoax. Randall Pounds of Kingwood, Texas, noted, "Although F.D.R. was a great man, I do not think that anyone could make a case that he was more influential than Winston Churchill." Lamented Walt Davis of Lebanon, Ohio: "I can't believe you would pick F.D.R. over Reagan. F.D.R. was a founder of true socialism in America; Ronald Reagan defeated communism." Drudge's F.D.R. report is nothing more than a wild rumor. Ditto the hoax that Hitler is in the front-running position for Person of the Century. TIME has not made its final choice for Person of the Century—and will not do so for months.

Faith and Illness

IN WALTER KIRN'S ARTICLE "THE DANGER of Suppressing Sadness" [VIEWPOINT, May 31], a factual error created the false impression that NAMI, the National Alliance for the Mentally Ill—which you mistakenly referred to as the National Association for Mental Illness—considers feelings of being "specially connected to God" as a possible symptom of manic depression.

As biological brain disorders, severe mental illnesses can be treated with medication, but other factors also are important. Although delusions of grandeur, in which some people may believe that they are God or, conversely, the devil, sometimes mark the manic phase of bipolar disorders, NAMI believes spiritual faith can play a critical role in an individual's recovery and renewal. For more information about mental illness, readers can call (800) 950-6264.

LAURIE FLYNN, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
National Alliance for the Mentally Ill
Arlington, Va.

Every Man Has Witnesses

TOM GILL'S COMMENT ON MALE-CONTRACEPTIVE ads told of the interesting Roman and Israelite custom of swearing by the male genitalia [LETTERS, May 31]. It should be noted, however, that the most common usage of the word *testis* in Latin texts is as a term for a witness, as in a court case. Thus an etymologist would note that the English word *testicle* is derived directly from the Roman custom

of swearing by the genitals, and that every man carries his own "little witnesses." (And my parents have been wondering what I would do with my degree in classics.)

CANDACE WEDDLE
Greenville, Texas

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This fund may invest in mergers, consolidations, liquidations and reorganizations as well as in lower-rated corporate bonds. Foreign issues (non-special risks including currency fluctuations and political uncertainty) investors should carefully assess the risks to principal and income associated with these types of securities discussed in the fund's prospectus.

[†]Prior to November 1, 1996, Class A shares were not available; only a single no-load class of shares was offered. This rating is based upon performance of the original class. Class A shares are offered with a 5.75% initial sales charge and Rule 12b-1 fees. Since Morningstar ratings include sales loads, the ratings may have been different if the Class A load had been considered.

Morningstar proprietary ratings reflect historical risk-adjusted performance as of 4/10/99. The ratings are subject to change every season and are calculated from the fund's three-, five- and ten-year average annual returns in excess of 90-day Treasury bill returns with appropriate sales charge adjustments and a risk factor that reflects fund performance below 90-day T-bill returns. Mutual Shares Fund received 4 stars for three- and four-year periods, 5 stars for the three-, five-, and ten-year periods, respectively. The top 10% of the fund's fund-class peers received 5 stars, the next 22.5% received 4 stars, the next 35% received 3 stars, the next 22.5% received 2 stars and the bottom 10% received 1 star.

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VERBATIM

“I was a happy man once, but this has changed me. When I look at this, I realize how beautiful was our city. It was a gem. Now it is a corpse.”

ANGEL BROVINA,
*ethnic Albanian resident of
Djakovica, Kosovo*

“It’s easy to sing, but it’s not easy to do.”

POPE JOHN PAUL II,
*after a crocod sang a
traditional Polish greeting,
“May You Live 100 Years”*

“Tommy has been fixed actually. He has been neutered or spayed. What do you call it?”

PAMELA ANDERSON LEE,
*TV star, asked whether she’s
pregnant by her on-again,
off-again spouse Tommy Lee*

“I have received a few hundred in the mail ... I’ve given them to all my grandchildren, and I deeply appreciate it.”

THE REV. JERRY FALWELL,
*on Tinky Winky, a toy that
his organization’s newsletter
said was gay*



SOPHIE’S CHOICE Queen Elizabeth’s other sons’ fairy-tale weddings produced horror-story marriages. Will Edward and Sophie Rhys-Jones make the third one the charm? Sophie may have a small advantage: as a publicist, she can do press

WINNERS & LOSERS



ROSA PARKS
Gets congressional Gold Medal at last; gives barnstorming speech. Talk about the roaring 80s

BALD EAGLE
National symbol no longer on endangered species list. Next step: Propocia?

THABO MBEKI
New South African Prez puts Zulu rivals in Cabinet. Almost as saintly as predecessor

SARA JANE OLSON
Police say housewife is unrepentant '70s bombing suspect. That afghan coat was a giveaway

JAMES INHOFE
Anti-gay Senator’s aides caught downloading porn. Just good, clean hetero fun?

TONY BLAIR
Brit P.M. loses big at Euro polls; good war didn’t help. Bush Sr. could have told him that



DIPLOMACY

Trying to Build Bridges in China, but Burning Others

WITH DIAGRAMS AND SLIDES, UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE **THOMAS PICKERING** last week tried to convince Chinese officials that the bombing of their embassy in Belgrade was a mistake. The Chinese were underwhelmed. But what did Pickering tell the Chinese? The U.S. gave no immediate details and was prodded into a hasty backgrounder only after China's notoriously unforthcoming Xinhua News Agency outlined the U.S.



Thomas Pickering

positions: the use of maps that did not correctly identify the embassy; a U.S. intelligence officer who breached procedures in mistakenly picking the embassy over the Yugoslav directorate for procurement; outdated databases; aircrews unable to see identifying markers. Xinhua treated claims of procedural errors with disbelief, saying many current maps accurately identify the

embassy and that the building and the directorate look nothing alike. Only three U.S. papers were invited to the American briefing, provoking a letter of complaint from other journalists from the Land of the Free. —By

Jaime A. FlorCruz/Beijing

FINANCIAL AFFAIRS

Not Just Politicians, Coin Collectors Too



Rep. Shimkus

TO YOU, THEY'RE HOUSE Representatives. To their bookkeepers, they're something else. Financial-disclosure forms, released last week, reveal a new side of some Congress members:

■ **Guy You're Most Likely to**

Pick Up the Tab For: Nick J. Rahall (D., W.Va.), who owes more than \$70,000 on four credit cards.

■ **Guy Who Married Well:** John Duncan Jr. (R., Tenn.), whose wife won \$5,200 on a slot machine.

■ **Guys Who Collect Coins:** William Archer Jr. (R., Texas), collection value: \$16,326; Steve Largent (R., Okla.), more than \$30,000; Philip Crane (R., Ill.), more than \$50,000; and Ronald Paul (R., Texas), more than \$100,000.

■ **Successful Author:** Brian Baird (D., Wash.) got at least \$15,000 in royalties for *The Internship Practicum and Field Placement Handbook*, a text on clinical internships.

■ **Less Successful Author:** Barney Frank (D., Mass.) got \$8.68 for an article.

■ **Incredible Record Keeper:** John M. Shimkus (R., Ill.), who reported 15 pages of gifts, including a plastic letter opener from the Pontiac, Ill., Tourism Office; 21 calendars; a bumper sticker from an "outraged, anonymous citizen"; a hog sausage from the Eldred Baptist Church; and 12 jars of horseradish from Keller Farms in Illinois. —By Melissa August/Washington

TELEVISION

Hawkeye Says Fox Has Made a Mess of M*A*S*H

IF YOU WERE ONE OF THE MILLIONS OF FANS who mourned the demise of *M*A*S*H* in 1983, you probably find solace in watching reruns every night and most days on local stations and cable. But they incense **ALAN ALDA**, who played Hawkeye in the TV series, and creator **LARRY GELBART**. They contend that Fox, which owns the licensing rights to *M*A*S*H*, has frittered away their show's value by airing so many reruns. In a lawsuit filed about 15 months ago against 20th

Century Fox Film Corp., Alda and Gelbart—both profit participants—charged that Fox has exploited *M*A*S*H* by selling reruns to its local stations and then to its own cable station FX at bargain-basement prices compared with what it charges non-Fox-owned stations. Fox apparently contends it charged fair-market prices. But one source maintains the loss in *M*A*S*H* money is "tens of millions of dollars," part of it owed to the duo. Gelbart resolved the matter (translation: financial settlement) last month, but Alda is scheduled to go to trial in August. According to his lawyer, the actor has finally declared, "Enough is enough."

—By Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles



Alda and M*A*S*H cast

THE DRAWING BOARD



My Fellow Americanos...

Last week Al Gore and George W. Bush each began campaigning formally for his party's nomination. It's already beginning to feel like October 2000.

Do You Have This in Brick?

IT'S SUMMER, AND THAT MEANS CLOTHES in summer colors. We thought we knew what those colors were—until we checked with a few of the major summer catalogs. Herewith an only slightly oversimplified glossary:

-  **TAN** = rock, chalk, oatmeal, twig, sand, deep sand, flax, parchment, stone, putty, buff, dove, raffia
-  **YELLOW** = straw, sun, sunburst, maize, dandelion
-  **OLIVE GREEN** = tarragon, aloe, surplus, bayleaf
-  **LIGHT GREEN** = kiwi, mint, arctic, willow, water, blade
-  **RED** = brick, chili pepper, grenadine, punch, rose, rosewood
-  **PINK** = coral, shell, watermelon, fire, orchid, petal
-  **BLUE** = royal, sky, mist, wave, lake, storm, oasis, cornflower
-  **PURPLE** = eggplant, hyacinth, jasmine, glacier, thistle
-  **WHITE** = sea salt

Sources: © Crew 1 All Trends, Bugle Boy

BUSH

BACKDROP

Tractors and hay bales in Amana, Iowa

A courthouse in Carthage, Tenn.

WARM UP

BBQ buffet

Country music by John Michael Montgomery

ATTIRE

Black boots and Texas-style belt buckle

Blue business suit

THINLY VEILED GIBE

"They did not invent prosperity any more than they invented the Internet."

"I want to keep our prosperity going... I want to do it the right way—not by letting people fend for themselves, or hoping for crumbs of compassion."

I AM NOT CLINTON ASSURANCE

"My first goal is to usher in the responsibility era. An era that stands in stark contrast to the last few decades, when the culture has clearly said, 'If it feels good, do it.'"

"I make you this pledge: If you entrust me with the presidency, I will marshal its authority, its resources and its moral leadership to fight for America's families."

Y EN ESPAÑOL

"[We will] tell families from the barrios of L.A. to the Rio Grande Valley: 'El sueño americano es para ti.'"

"I want to extend our prosperity to... our farms and inner cities, to our new immigrants, y también en las comunidades."

MESSAGE

He was born with a silver spoon, but he eats just like you and me.

Ditto

HABITS

FROCKS ROCK Shut your yaps, talking dogs: nuns are the hot new thing on Madison Avenue. Ladies of the cloth appeared in recent ads for Diesel jeans (1); Aiwa stereos (2); Church's Chicken (3); and the NFL (4). And now Virgin Megastore online (5) has joined in the sister act. Mercy!



RAW DATA



LOOK, MOM—INMATES! The Iowa Department of Transportation just printed 1.7 million maps with the designation "Fort Dodge Recreational Facility." Oops. Make that Correctional Facility, the new state prison.

Stop Cursing ... and Start Living!

I KNEW I NEEDED HELP WHEN I CURSED IN FRONT OF DONNY Osmond. It was a tense moment in the interview—I asked him to defend his rock opera about Mormonism—and I panicked. It's not that I was intimidated by Osmond's fame so much as I knew he had been working out a lot for a *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat* video. Plus, I didn't know if Mormons had any special powers, the way Scientologists have with lawsuits.

Since I moved to New York City, I've found myself cursing in front of people I don't know and then worrying about whether they were offended for the rest of the conversation. Strangely, when people curse in front of me, I find them cool and self-confident. Maybe cursing isn't the issue here.

Still, I was going to have to change. Earlier this month in Michigan, Timothy Boomer was convicted under an 1897 statute for swearing very loudly—as many as 70 times—in hearing distance of small children, after he fell out of his canoe. Also, last week a Michigan court reinstated charges against a guy named Paul Hancock for cursing at his neighbor, Sharon Carnal. If I were Jay Leno, I'd make a joke about their last names.

Realizing I had better address my problem before it landed me a nickel in the can, I scheduled an appointment with Jim O'Connor, the founder of the Cuss Control Academy. Professor O'Connor is taking a break from teaching his two-hour, \$45 classes to finish a book, which includes an entire chapter on the S word. However, he agreed to tutor me individually. O'Connor said I could use substitute words as a

crutch, but advised employing a more positive, invective-free attitude. He suggested using shoot as a sort of cussing patch for the first few weeks. Finding shoot too embarrassing, I decided to go with two Civil War-era favorites, dandisprat and mutton-thumper, both of which could have been included in Jefferson Davis' comedy routine, "Seven Words You Can Never Say on Whatever People Did Before Television." But

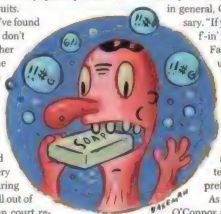
in general, O'Connor says, such words aren't necessary. "If you wanted to say I saw the most fabulous

f-in' game, you don't need that other word. Fabulous is a good enough word." This fabulous game, I assumed, was some sort of figure-skating event. If fabulous was the alternative, I was sticking with cursing.

Perhaps O'Connor's best suggestion was to "pretend your sweet little grandmother is always next to you." Although this did stop me from cursing, it also meant eating dinner at 4 p.m. and telling myself I needed a haircut. Again, I preferred cursing.

As our class was ending, I asked Professor O'Connor a question I had long pondered: Was it O.K. to swear during sex, if done in an encouraging and loving way? "As long as your partner likes it, and if it's all part of the action, that's not a problem." I told him I meant when I was alone. That was an uncomfortable moment for both of us.

Fellow student Jonathan Rix, who calls himself a "recovering cursaholic," says O'Connor's school changed his life, although he didn't make any lifelong friends there. "The curse words used to come out through a filter, but now it's like I'm passing a kidney stone." I'm wondering if O'Connor can start a school for cutting out really unappealing metaphors. ■



THEN AND NOW

MR. SMITH WON'T LEAVE WASHINGTON

Term limits seem like such a good idea on the hustings, but when the time to pack up and head for home comes around, many members of Congress have trouble saying goodbye.



NAME	WHAT HE SAID THEN	WHAT HE SAYS NOW	TERMS SO FAR
Scott McInnis (R-Colorado)	In his first and second campaigns, he promised to serve just three terms. By his third (and fourth), he had changed his mind.	Planning to run for a fifth term. A spokesman says McInnis was only in favor of term limits if they applied to all states.	Four terms: from 1992 to 2000
Martin Meehan (D-Mass.)	"Should I be elected to serve more than two additional terms... I hereby resign and direct you to remove my name... from the roll of members."	"I have come to realize over the past seven years that... to arbitrarily limit my own service puts the people I represent at a disadvantage."	Four terms: from 1992 to 2000
George Nethercutt (R-Washington)	He promised to "serve only six years as a Representative." Also said, "It's time to send new people to Washington."	"I made a mistake when I chose to set a limit... The only people who don't change their minds are in cemeteries and insane asylums."	Three terms: from 1994 to 2000

MILESTONES

MARRIED. CHRISTOPHER DODD, 55, U.S. Senator from Connecticut; and **JACKIE M. CLEGG**, vice chair of the Export-Import Bank; in East Haddam, Conn. It is Dodd's second marriage.

MARRIED. ERIK MENENDEZ, 28, older of two Beverly Hills siblings responsible for the 1989 murder of their parents, José and Kitty Menendez; to an as yet unidentified woman; in the Sacramento, Calif., state prison where he is serving a life sentence.

ARRESTED. PHILIP DURAN, 22, for allegedly providing a handgun to minors, in this case, Columbine High School gunmen Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold; in Golden, Colo. Duran is suspected of introducing the boys to Mark Manes, who sold the teenagers a gun used in the attack.

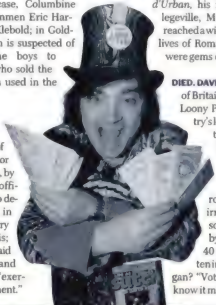
FINED. COLUMBIA BUSH, 45, wife of Florida Governor Jeb Bush; \$4,100, by U.S. Customs officers; for failing to declare \$19,000 in clothes and jewelry bought in Paris; in Atlanta. She paid with a check and apologized for "exercising bad judgment."



DIED. BASIL CARDINAL HUME, 76, leader of the Roman Catholic Church in England and Wales; of cancer; in London. Hume, appointed by Pope Paul VI in 1976, was entrenched in tradition, yet had a modern sensibility that irked his critics. For example, he said that most people who ignored the church's position on birth control were "good, conscientious and faithful."

DIED. J.F. POWERS, 81, National Book Award-winning author for *Morte d'Urban*, his first novel; in Collegeville, Minn. Powers never reached a wide audience, but his lives of Roman Catholic priests were gems of storytelling.

DIED. DAVID SUTCH, 58, leader of Britain's Monster Raving Loony Party and the country's longest-serving party leader; of suicide by hanging; in London. Though he was never elected, the former rock-'n'-roll singer irritated scores of somber candidates by running in some 40 political races—often in gold lamé. His slogan? "Vote for insanity. You know it makes sense."



NUMBERS



30 Months elapsed since the JonBenet Ramsey murder probe began

125 Possible suspects who have been investigated, including 54 convicted sex offenders

1,231 Items of evidence logged by Boulder, Colo., police

10,000 Tips received by letter or by telephone

\$1.7 million Boulder taxpayer dollars spent on the probe

0 Arrests made



9.79 sec. New world record for the 100-m sprint, set by American Maurice Greene—a whopping 0.5 sec. faster than the previous record

9.79 sec. World record for the 100 m set by Ben Johnson in 1988—withdrawn after he tested positive for steroids



70,000 Americans who are 100 years or older, according to a new Census Bureau report

834,000 Projected number of U.S. centenarians in the year 2050

Sources: Boulder police and FBI; Denver bureau; AP; U.S. Census Bureau

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

NOT SO BULLISH This time last year, the unbeatable Chicago Bulls were scoring their sixth championship. Then M.J. left and, well, the

Phil Jackson
The Zen coach announced last week that he'll try to re-create that old championship karma with the L.A. Lakers



Michael Jordan
Has kept busy with the usual hawking of Gatorade, MCI and his new cologne; he's also hitting the links



Scottie Pippen
Joined the Houston Rockets and escaped Jordan's long shadow, but now he's stuck in Charles Barkley's



team fell apart faster than a Rodman romance. Here's how the invincible Bulls are faring as mere mortals today:

Dennis Rodman
Distracting antics finally got him disowned from the NBA and enlisted by World Championship Wrestling



Steve Kerr
The only ex-Bull to make it to the finals (with the Spurs); lost his killer three-pointer somewhere between Chicago and San Antonio



Ron Harper, Toni Kukoc
Playing for the Bulls, who finished this season near the bottom of the league



By Melissa August, Harriet Newirth, Michelle Derron, Brian Doyle, Tom Gray, Lisa Lefore, Robert Moran, David Rife and Chris Taylor

Great Harvest Bread started as a single store with a simple idea: make great bread and have fun doing it. Today there are 136 Great Harvest stores from Alaska to Florida.

And as Great Harvest has grown, its technology needs have grown as well.

So Great Harvest recently moved its headquarters over to Microsoft Windows NT Workstation 4.0. It's the most reliable version of Windows ever and it's about 30% faster than Windows 98. Plus, since it's Windows, users don't have to learn anything new.

Windows NT Workstation meets Great Harvest's needs today, and it gives them room to keep growing. Which could come in handy, considering how much people love their bread.



Windows NT
Workstation

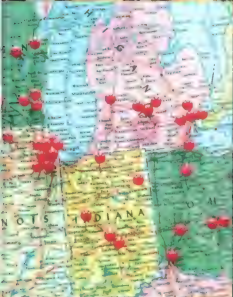
Microsoft


Where do you want to go today?

microsoft.com/smallbiz/windows

1-800-WINDOWS for a free guide

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KOSOVO CRISIS THE AWFUL TRUTH


A team of TIME reporters discovers chilling evidence of Serbia's well-organized, vicious killing machine. It's even more horrific than you imagined

CRIMES OF WAR

By JOHANNA MCGEARY


THE HORROR STAYS LOCKED IN GENTIANA GASHI'S MIND. HER eyes are red-ringed holes in a pinched, exhausted face. She came home safely to Cuska last week, but she is still harrowed by the unspeakable memories of May 14, the day she left. Back then, she stood beside her weeping mother, too terrified to cry out, as she watched the Serbs march her father away with the other men, hands clasped behind his neck. He looked back once, tears streaming down his face. Gentiana's mother wept silently too as she watched her husband's retreating figure until laughing Serbs herded the women out of the village, elbowing them with sly smirks, singing obscene songs. That night when the women slipped back into Cuska, it was Gentiana who picked through the charred pieces of bodies inside three smoldering

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS



REMAINS of one of 22 ethnic Albanians—all women or young boys—found in the ruins of a house burned down last May in Gora Leka

KOSOVO CRISIS THE AWFUL TRUTH

A photograph showing two shirtless men in military camouflage pants walking on a paved road in a rural, hilly landscape. The man in the foreground is wearing sunglasses and has a necklace. In the background, another man is walking, and a green car is parked on the left. The sky is blue with some clouds.

MENACE: Two members of the Serbian paramilitary patrol the road from Prizren, in southern Kosovo, as Yugoslav forces beat their retreat

houses to find the remains of her father. She used to give him massages, she said. Ten men had died in that house, but when her fingers touched a familiar torso, "I knew his back, so he was my dad."

To save her mother from the hideous sight, Gentiana helped three women gather up the human debris of her father and 34 relatives and neighbors into little bags. They tagged each with a name and buried them in two communal graves. Then all those who had survived fled, some to the hills above the town of Pec, some to Albania, anywhere away from the Serbian brutality.

Gentiana Gashi is 11 years old.

Under a hot sun broken by violent summer showers, Kosovo is waking to a midsummer's nightmare. The sickly sweet smell of decaying flesh hangs in invisible clouds across the province, and the ground offers up body parts. Bits of ashen bone—a thigh, a rib cage—and chunks of roasted flesh litter the floors of burned-out houses. Corpses, left where they fell, putrefy in fields and farmyards amid the buzzing of flies and the howling of stray dogs. As the first of Kosovo's Albanian refugees stream

back across the borders or down from hiding in the hills, they are discovering just how pitiless a charnel house Serbian forces made of Kosovo.

But new life is blossoming. As the peacekeepers of KFOR steadily pushed their heavy tanks and APCs into the province last week, refugees from Albania and Macedonia followed right behind, heading home from rapidly emptying camps in cars crammed with family members, in tractor-drawn carts sagging under their loads, on foot, pushing wheelbarrows laden with bedding and babies. Uprooted Kosovars who had lived rough in the woods crept back to their villages through fields of blood-red poppies. Gun-toting soldiers of the Kosovo Liberation Army, smart in pressed camouflage, swaggered into cities and towns, posting guards along roads, securing villages house by house. And straggling before them along the roads leading north went the convoys of frightened Kosovar Serbs. They were heading into a bitter, unpromising exile along with the defiant Yugoslav troops in green or blue or black uniforms who had

treated Kosovo to their savagery. Despite NATO promises of impartial safety, few Serbs wanted to test KFOR's protection against the reprisals they expected from vengeful Albanians.

What matters in Kosovo now is an accounting of what happened during the 78 days when Serbs rampaged through the province while NATO bombs were falling. Everyone has a tale of brutality to tell. The stories numb with their awful sameness. Yet as individual tales multiply, they form the shameful mosaic of a season of slaughter that spread across all Kosovo. The evidence before our own eyes is damning. So many Albanians have lost husbands, brothers, wives or children. Nearly everyone has lost his or her home and most possessions. The scale of the terror that is emerging—possibly 10,000 killed, as many as 100 mass grave sites at latest NATO count—leaves little room right now for any emotion but horror.

The striking similarity of the accounts reinforces their credibility and confirms the calculated nature of the atrocities. And last week, as a team of TIME re-

6% Kosovar refugees who returned home in the first week after peace



DOCUMENTING DEATH: A member of the Tafili family lies dead on a couch at home in Pec. In a horrible scene played out in the region many times with other families, he was killed in a Serbian raid—this one on or around June 4. The photo above was snapped by Jusuf Tafili, a relative, who sneaked into the house after the killing to record it with his camera. The Tafilis, mourning at right, owned an auto-parts business, and their wealth made them a particular target for robbery and murder.



porters spent days in and around Pec (prewar pop. 100,000), it was possible to discern method in the Serbs' awful madness. Kosovo, the evidence suggests, was razed by a killing machine on orders that stretched directly from Yugoslavia's commander in chief Slobodan Milosevic to the armed thugs on the streets. The stories of Pec reveal in miniature how the entire plan worked.

One might be tempted to write off Kosovo as just another Balkan blood-letting. But if the U.S. is to take seriously its credo of humanitarian intervention, politicians and the public need to understand how and why people in the supposedly civilized world fall prey to animal violence. Kosovo has bred fresh hatreds that will lie unresolved beneath every political and social change the West tries to make in this corner of Europe. And we are faced once again this century with the tasks of assigning individual blame for horrors committed in the name of national policy, and determining how best to bring the guilty to justice.

The Killing Machine at Work

THE HUNTERS DROVE OUT OF KOSOVO AS the people they once hunted drove in. Stuck in a 12-mile-long convoy, Marinko sat atop his army tank surveying the exodus with the cold, dead eyes of a four-year veteran of the Yugoslav army. Marinko is a Kosovar Serb, and he concedes no defeat. "I will take my parents to Belgrade, relieve myself of military duties and return to my home in Pec," he said. "This is all I have. And if the Albanians want to come and take it from me, then let them make my day. I'll kill them. It will be guerrilla war." A ranking commander of the MUP—the Serbian special police—he seemed almost proud as he watched his men pack up for their inglorious retreat. "We worked closely here in March to clean up the terrorists [K.L.A.]," he bragged. And then he explained the awful tactics of destruction: "The paramilitary would go in first, the MUP would mop, and the VJ [Yugoslav army] would stand as the rear guard of the operation." There were different orders for all commands, he said as he took a pull on a cool orange Fanta.

"We all worked in synchronicity. I alone killed 500 [alleged K.L.A. soldiers]." As for the killing of civilians, he added, "there are wacky members in every unit. And you just don't have the time to control them."

Pec revealed their handiwork. Except for a few shuttered apartment blocks and the main square around the Hotel Metohija, the city lay in silent ruin. Whole neighborhoods had been reduced to knee-deep rubble. Not a soul walked the streets. In Kapasnica, the section known as Little Albania, house after house, down every street in every direction, was a vacant husk, broken-walled and covered in soot. The only sound was the screech of jackdaws, the distant scurrying of a mangy dog and the drip, drip, drip of broken water pipes.

A gaunt figure stood outside No. 180 staring at what used to be the home of the 11-member Hasani family. Astrit, 21, one of five known survivors, had braved the empty city to find out how the family compound had fared. Scorch marks scarred the fresh white walls, renovated a year ago, that now rose only head high around debris. "Catastrophe," he

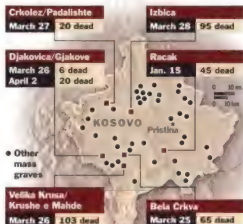
KOSOVO CRISIS THE AWFUL TRUTH

UNEARTHING THE FACTS

THE INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL TRIBUNAL FOR THE FORMER YUGOSLAVIA recently charged Yugoslav leader Slobodan Milosevic with crimes against humanity. Now forensic experts from around the world are quickly converging on Kosovo to identify massacre sites. The sooner they begin, the better they can gather evidence, reconstruct events and uncover the extent of the atrocities so the prosecutor can argue that these were systematic abuses known or planned at the highest level. How the process works:

1 The tribunal receives information of potential crime scenes and dispatches investigators to the sites.

Last month's indictment of Milosevic and four top Yugoslav officials for their alleged roles in mass killings of civilians cited six Kosovo towns:



Sources: The Graves, Serbica and Mahide, Pristina to Mahide, ICTY

Information identifying a crime scene can come from a number of sources:

EYEWITNESSES
Interviews with refugees who've seen killings, or returning Kosovars and incoming soldiers who notice freshly dug graves

AERIAL SURVEILLANCE
Satellite images and aerial photographs can help to corroborate reports and pinpoint suspected sites

COMMUNICATION INTERCEPTS
Intercepted Serb military radio transmissions can place a particular unit in an area on the day of an atrocity

2 Each area is secured and checked for mines...

24-HOUR GUARDS are posted to protect the site from tampering

A CORDON keeps out press, saboteurs and returning refugees



Threats to the Site

- Small but powerful mines, like the PMA-2 at left, lurk inches beneath the surface
- Weather and the passage of time can disturb evidence



said, afraid to enter for fear of booby traps.

Booby-trapping ruins. This was the nature of the Serbian killing machine, where one violent pass was not enough, where bodies could be found with 150 bullets in them. The cleansing of rich, urban centers like Pec was intended to rid the province permanently of large numbers of Kosovars and to destroy the Albanian intellectual and political culture. But Pec was also subject to a special fury. Going far beyond the brutal demands of military tactics or ethnic cleansing, Serbian forces swept through three times, wreaking destruction and expelling Albanians, including a final useless spasm of fury two weeks ago that razed most of the city and surrounding villages when Milosevic was about to surrender. "In Pec," said Astrit Hasani, "it was total vengeance."

The evidence is visible at house No. 19. The house spills its contents across the

front porch, out the windows, across the garden. Broken glass mingles with an X ray, torn curtains and a pile of feces in the front hall. Across the long wall in the main room, letters are scrawled, 1 ft. high, in what appears to be blood: NATO and KILLERS OF SERB BLOOD and YOU KILL SERB KIDS. The opposite wall is sprayed with blood, and dried puddles stain the floor beneath. Next to the lettering are bloody hand prints.

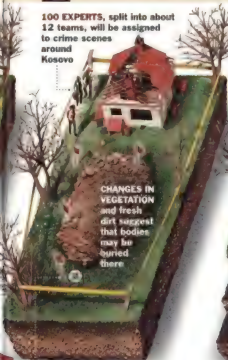
Serbs took over the neighborhood of Kapasnica as bases for the Yugoslav army and the dreaded paramilitary units known as the "Frenkijevci," or Frenki's Boys, after their reputed leader Franko Simatovic. The shadowy group, say numerous sources, operates under Belgrade's direct control, a kind of special-ops unit run by the secret police. Rumor has it most members are recruited from criminal circles. Frenki's Boys like to dress in black without formal insignia

but with a preference for cowboy hats, pig-tails and painted faces. In Pec, as in the rest of Kosovo, paramilitary units like Frenki's worked in concert with the VJ and the special-police units, as well as local Serbian civilians who joined in the savagery. All lines led straight back to Belgrade, and this time, unlike in Bosnia, there is no wiggle room for Milosevic to pin the blame for atrocities on "uncontrolled elements" and independent paramilitaries. Here's how Western diplomats and Serbian sources say it worked:

Operation Horseshoe was a military plan designed and run under the auspices of Belgrade's general staff—as if the Joint Chiefs of Staff had planned and executed an operation to cleanse some ethnic population out of Texas. The job of actually bending the horseshoe fell to a special coordinating team that drew on both the MUP special police and Serbian paramilitaries. Many of these killers

3 ... then investigators examine the surface ...

100 EXPERTS, split into about 12 teams, will be assigned to crime scenes around Kosovo



Finding the Evidence

- Investigators comb for clues, including bullet casings and bone fragments
- Each discovery is mapped, tagged and photographed



4 ... and finally the bodies are exhumed.

TIMETABLE Some sites will be exhumed by November, others will wait until spring



How Bodies Are Identified

- Family members visually identify the corpse
- Medical records and other identification
- DNA analysis



5 A case is made to prosecute Milosevic.

Prosecutors will use the evidence to attempt to show that the crimes were systematic. They must also prove Milosevic was either involved or aware of the plans but did nothing to stop them. How they'll link him to the killings:

MASS GRAVES

Many sites containing civilian Kosovar victims can help prove that massacres were systematic

PHYSICAL EVIDENCE

Shell casings and other evidence at grave sites can link Serb soldiers directly to the atrocities

KOSOVARs

Testimony from locals who saw others murdered can link whole Serb units to a massacre

CHAIN OF COMMAND

If Serb soldiers are to blame, prosecutors can then trace the military chain of command to Milosevic himself



were visible in parts of Kosovo last week—sometimes stripped to the waist, heads shaved, making threatening gestures to anyone who challenged them.

The man charged with implementing these ideas in Kosovo was General Sreten Lukic, a high-ranking member of the state-security apparatus and a personal friend of Milosevic's. Lukic boldly described Horse-shoe last fall to Western diplomats as a massive clockwise sweep that would finally crush the K.L.A. Lukic told his visitors he hoped to finish the mission by mid-October. But that plan collapsed when it became apparent that the K.L.A., which had become expert at hiding and fighting in Kosovo's rough hills, wasn't going to cave in easily.

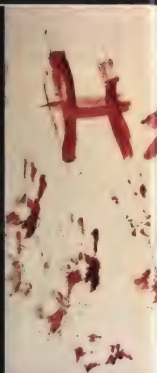
So Belgrade's military chiefs went back to the planning board. Instead of the massive "sweep" of the original attack, they developed a wickedly clever alternative: a

series of smaller sweeps against the K.L.A. that would be combined with a wholesale assault on the civilian population. This two-punch would have the double purpose of depriving the K.L.A. of ground support and permanently altering Kosovo's demographics. Cities and towns would be emptied to depopulate the province. The VJ would shell villages so the police and paramilitaries could move in to put the population to flight, torch their houses and kill any residents who refused to go. While the West was trying to negotiate a diplomatic settlement at Rambouillet, Milosevic was positioning his forces. By the time NATO started bombing in late March, the VJ, police and paramilitaries were operating in concert across Kosovo—in Pec, Pristina, Podujevo. The tactics were always the same, and slaughtering civilians was the essential prod to the exodus.

It worked. After the first offensive in late March, Serbian forces rarely needed more than a corpse or two to force people from their homes. Idriz Xhemojli was one of the villagers from Ljesane, a few miles east of Pec, who ran to the hills two months ago when Serbian forces stormed in and gave residents an hour to leave. "The whole village went," he said, and they watched from the shelter of a hilly wood as the Serbs torched their houses. Two people who refused to turn over cash were shot; two others taken away. The rest, some 300 men, women and children, roamed the woods for two months.

Only Haxhi Kadria, 80, and his wife Rukije managed to stay behind. They survived a second attack on April 27, when every Albanian house was burned. But the Serbs came a third time, just two weeks ago, in a focused fury to obliterate the

KOSOVO CRISIS THE AWFUL TRUTH



◀ **ARMED CONFLICT** persists even as NATO asserts itself. An angry Serb with a pistol kicks an ethnic Albanian during a confrontation in Gnjilane on June 15

whole of Ljesane. In the yard of their shattered house last week lay Rukije's body; her skull was crushed, and maggots had made swift work of her body, leaving only bones, rags and hair. The brown, rotting corpse of Haxhi lay nearby in the garden.

In the hamlet of Ruhot, Istref Berisha, 43, found 10 bodies and buried them in a grave near a brook. The victims had been shot, knifed or burned. On a nearby gate, someone has spray-painted in Cyrillic **WHITE EAGLES**, the name of the paramilitaries associated with Serbian ultranationalist Vojislav Seselj. Nearly two miles away at Staradran, K.L.A. fighters are investigating a long stretch of freshly turned dirt, 8 ft. by 65 ft., believed to contain as many as 100 bodies. A leg clad in a black sock pokes out of one hole; a jawbone lies in another.

Gentiana Gashi's Story

DEATH CAME TO CUSKA—A TOWN ABOUT three miles east of Pec—fairly late in the war. Its villagers were especially peaceable, hoping to get along with two predominantly Serbian hamlets on either side.

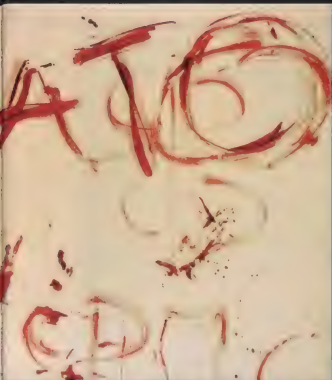
They had voluntarily given up their weapons, they say, on previous visits by the police. Residents were going about their normal business on the morning of May 14 when 30 or 40 men in masks appeared. Lirie Gashi, 28, was one of the women packed into a courtyard where police and VJ troops sat down to drink *raki*—a local form of grappa—from little black glasses before lining up the women to demand money. One soldier told Lirie to unfurl her bun to check if she had hidden cash in her hair. As they ordered the women to strip off their jewelry, they casually fired bullets at their feet. When they discovered the senile Aimone Gashi among the women, the Serbs pumped an automatic round into his back, killing him.

Over the next hour, 33 men were ordered into three separate houses by paramilitaries in red scarves and cowboy hats. Ahmet Gashi, the father of Gentiana, was one of them. Rexhe Kelmendi, 49, was another. "I was taken with the second group down here," he says, pointing to a low, wood-and-brick two-story house. "I was together with eight others. When we entered

the hallway of the house, one of the VJ gave us a lighter and told us to burn down the house. When I bent down to take the lighter, the shooting started. I started crawling, not lifting my head." He reached a window and tumbled out.

Others were less lucky; lined up against the walls in other houses, they died as one or two Serbs fired from left to right, execution style, then fired a second fusillade to make sure. The raiders forced Syle Gashi, 48 (the Gashis are a large extended family), to translate their commands into Albanian, promising to spare his life. When he jumped onto a tractor to leave with the women, a Serb grabbed him and thrust him alive inside a burning house. Caush Lushi, 52, was one of the wealthier men in Cuska. A Serb holding his son said he would free the youth if Lushi brought them all his cash. When he returned with the money, his son was already dead. The Serb frog-marched Lushi to the nearest outhouse, stuffed him in and carved the Serbian national symbol of a cross with four Cs into his living chest. Then he kicked the door closed and fired round after round through the door.

75% Serbs who have fled Kosovo



▲ **GRAFFITI** written by Serbian assailants in the blood of their victims cover the walls of a home in Pec. Spelled out here is the word NATO in the Cyrillic alphabet



► **HIS DOLL IN TOW**, young Albanian Mentor Doliu returns to his ruined home in Pec. His father and two sisters were killed by Serbs during Operation Horseshoe

"They came to kill," said Sadir Gashi as he comforted his cousin Gentiana and her grieving mother Mexhide. The widow's eyes were red with weeping as she showed us the photographic remnants of a happy marriage. "I will always be happy to have these good images in my mind," she said softly, running her hand over Gentiana's hair, "and not his body in that horrible condition." She stopped a moment, then smiled sadly. "I hardly manage to sleep, and when I do, I dream of him. But not of what happened—of the good days we had together."

Other Albanians could not avoid the sight of Serb brutality. "I cannot tell you what it was like to see my father with bullets ripping him from head to toe," said Jusuf Tafili, who saw the corpse of his father 41 hours after he was executed by unknown Serbs. Among the killers, Jusuf believes, were some local Serbs. "I hope the Serbs who did that won't stay here," said Jusuf, "because I know who they are. If I find them, I will kill them."

Men like Jusuf Tafili scare the Serbs left in Kosovo. As tens of thousands of outraged Albanians rush home, tens of thou-

sands of frantic Serbian civilians plod out. Standing on Thursday morning inside a ring of KFOR tanks idling in front of Pec's Hotel Metohija, Sasa Deletic eyed the empty streets and muttered, "If the Albanians control the city, then I will leave. They are animals." At least 50,000 Kosovo Serbs have joined the 40,000 troops trekking north to Serbia. Says Stojanka Markovic, piling her entire household on a rusty red Yugo: "This is it. We're in a state of panic." Markovic, her husband and her 76-year-old mother were the last Serbs to leave Podujevo, a metropolis in northern Kosovo, as their former Albanian neighbors moved back in. "They watched us leave," she said, shaking with fear, "as we watched them leave months ago."

A New Power in Kosovo

AND AS THE SERBS GO, THE POWER VACUUM in Kosovo is being filled not only by NATO but also by the K.L.A. So far, the rebels have left the retreating Serbs alone—though NATO commanders fear that won't last. But an armed K.L.A. certainly makes the province less friendly for any Serbs who dare remain.

Under the military agreement, the K.L.A. is supposed to "demilitarize" and turn over its heavy weapons, but no piece of paper will make it give up its AK-47s. Or its dreams of independence—and revenge.

The K.L.A. forces immediately exploited NATO's victory to make themselves heroes to the refugees and grab a share of KFOR's authority. For an entire day, despite heavy cloudbursts, rebel units staged a massive victory parade that jammed downtown Prizren. They deployed everywhere around Pec, setting up checkpoints, patrolling the empty streets. "Tell KFOR the 131st Brigade of the [K.L.A.] is based at the publishing house," announced Commander Et'hem Ceku as he pulled up with troops in a minivan. "I am responsible for the civil and administrative matters of Pec." In the hills, K.L.A. units looked anything but ready to disperse. At an encampment near Ruhot, 30 fresh recruits in brand-new camouflage, some carrying expensive supersniper rifles, were being mustered into the unit.

Kosovo's Albanians set out from their refugees last week with such high hopes but arrived to such horror. The impact of those

KOSOVO CRISIS THE AWFUL TRUTH

pit graves and decomposing bodies, incinerated villages and pulverized cities will haunt the Balkans for generations. In Washington the White House is busy searching for a leader to replace Milosevic if the defeated strongman falls. Clinton is expected this week to meet Milo Djukanovic, Montenegro's useful pro-Western President, and U.S. diplomats met secretly last week with Belgrade political opponents in hopes of promoting a homegrown challenge to Milosevic. Washington refuses to cooperate with Yugoslavia as long as he stays in power, but Clinton repeatedly emphasizes, "The U.S. and our European allies have no quarrel with the Serbian people."

The demise of Slobodan Milosevic alone would not suffice for Jusuf Tafilic as he stood mourning his murdered father and the seven others buried together beneath simple wooden stakes reading A.T., S.T., R.T., I.A. ... "All Serbian men had their hands in blood," he said. "If they were not directly involved in crimes, they helped the criminals. They deserve no space in Kosovo anymore." Nor, he says, did Albanians "give all this blood to stay under Serbian hands." To repay their sacrifice and to exact justice, he says, the Kosovars deserve independence.

The horror in Kosovo has radicalized even those in the province who once considered themselves liberal. After a day in the ruins of Pec, his hometown, Dukagjin Gorani, a Kosovar journalist, said, "We have had enough of moderation here. The Serbs must go. Serbian will never be spoken here again."

For the Serbs and the Albanians, the fighting has stopped, but this war is not over. As his ancient, weathered face streamed with tears last week, Azem Mucaj placed roses on a dried puddle of blood at the entrance to Pec. The 72-year-old Albanian farmer had brought his 14-year-old son Gzim safely down from the hills after two months in hiding from the Serbs, reuniting the family of seven. On Wednesday, Gzim raced joyfully to the main road to cheer the KFOR tanks as they growled by. A car stopped in front of him. Five Serbs in black masks jumped out and, without saying a word, shot Gzim dead. —With reporting by Dejan Anastasijevic/Vienna, Dusanka Anastasijevic/Podujevo, Massimo Calabresi/Cuska, Anteo Carasava/Pristina and Jan Stojaspal/Ljubanica

Paul Quinn-Judge/Moscow

Yeltsin's Fast-Break Generals

JUST WHEN IT SEEMED BORIS YELTSIN COULD NOT BECOME MORE ECCENTRIC and unpredictable, the mad dash of some 200 Russian troops from Bosnia into Kosovo and their takeover of the Pristina airport has reduced political analysis of his regime to something very like chaos theory. The politics of presidential truculence and pique that has so long dominated decision making in Russia has now spilled into foreign relations. And the fact that the Russian military was able to bypass most of the country's top civilian decision makers shows that Yeltsin has a new set of favorites—Russian army generals with a bleak view of the outside world and its designs.

Even so, it is hard to pinpoint just how Yeltsin was involved in the NATO-trumping encampment at Pristina. Close aides insist Yeltsin knew about—even ordered—the move. In fact, Russian military sources say, the raid was a spur-of-the-moment undertaking, devised by generals furious with NATO's stonewalling. The decision, say Russian sources, was taken no earlier than June 10, two days before the troops moved in. At that point, U.S.-Russia talks on peacekeeping in Kosovo were going badly. Military representatives suspected that their main U.S. interlocutor, Deputy Secretary of State Strobe Talbott, was playing for time in Moscow, trying to keep negotiations bogged down until NATO had deployed. Yeltsin, meanwhile, was smarting at what he felt was Bill Clinton's condescension toward him. Sometime that day, Yeltsin was briefed on the talks, and he asked, as he often does, if anyone had any ideas. Chief of staff General Anatoli Kvashnin conferred with his aides and Lieutenant General Viktor Zavarzin, Russia's representative to NATO, and sketched out a surprise idea: a fast breakout by Russian troops stationed in Bosnia. Yeltsin was shown the plan, military sources said, and grunted a comment that they construed to be approval. They were probably right: Yeltsin's ability to not leave fingerprints on risky decisions is a legend among his staff.

While only a few people in Moscow were privy to the plan, it seems to have been well known and warmly welcomed in Belgrade. The Yugoslavs went out of their way to facilitate the convoy's movement, Russian military sources say. Serbian state officials secured the convoy's route through Serbia and ensured that a road into Kosovo was kept free of refugees and retreating troops. To allow the convoy to travel at top speed as much as possible, a Yugoslav military officer rode in every third vehicle, ready to navigate if the convoy was broken up in traffic.

The Pristina operation has given Russian military commanders a tremendous surge of confidence, and perhaps more important, it has helped the generals gain Yeltsin's ear. Russia's military hierarchy has little love for Yeltsin—one of his nicknames in the general staff is *Pelmeni* (a small dumpling), an apparent reference to his puffy features and tortured articulation. And the officers have little doubt that he will let them take the blame if the Pristina operation backfires. For the time being, though, an aggressive-sounding military has established a disturbingly close relationship with an ailing and mercurial President. ■

MAKING NICE Russian leader Boris Yeltsin is using Kosovo to buddy up with his army's generals





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KOSOVO CRISIS KEEPING THE PEACE



SAFETY ON Rolling into Kosovo, U.S. Marines are peacekeepers, not fighters

ell said, and know how you're going to get out. These new conflicts—with their delicate ethnic nuances—make that harder. The Marines' mission in Kosovo is more war-as-car-repair, trying to keep both mechanic and customer from killing each other and the car running for at least a while at an acceptable cost.

That cost is measured in dollars alone. There is no acceptable cost in U.S. lives in Kosovo, where the Pentagon is emphasizing "force protection." While the last American war in Europe might have been characterized by infantry charges in which human lives were willingly spent for tactical ends, this mission will be characterized by a desire to establish

peace with the same zero-casualty figure the Pentagon managed during the air war. So, Marines in Kosovo are on hair-trigger alert. "There's a big difference between combat and peacekeeping, and it can switch quickly from one to the other," says Sergeant Major John Sekula, the Marine battalion landing team's top enlisted man.

"The biggest thing we have to focus on is the individual Marine's restraint—how he reacts to the looks, the taunting, the throwing-the-bird, the rock throwing." For the Marines, the basic rule in Kosovo is, De-escalate unless you're threatened—in which case, shoot.

There is concern that the preoccupation with zero casualties may boomerang. "Force protection has taken on a higher degree of importance than the other battlefield dynamics of firepower, leader-

Boots on the Ground

U.S. troops are moving warily into Kosovo. Their top mission: maintaining a zero-casualty record

By MARK THOMPSON GNJILANE

IT WAS A SCENE CAPABLE OF POUNDING Adolph's Meat Tenderizer into the heart of the toughest marine. On a flat stretch of road overlooking the Kosovo town of Gnjilane last week, the arrival of Marine helicopters brought hundreds of ethnic Albanians joyously streaming up the rolling green hills. After nearly a week of pushing fitfully northward through Greece, Macedonia and Kosovo, the leading edge of the corps's force had finally reached its destination. And the locals—at least the Albanians who had endured more than two months of Serbian terror—wanted to make their new overlords feel welcome.

The local rapture came as no surprise to the Marines after what they had seen as they worked their way north: a land badly in need of some peacekeeping. From a Marine's-eye view, the ruined houses stood mute, their missing roofs giving second-story windows a glazed-eye look. From a helicopter, the swaths of destroyed houses looked like crude blueprints, their remaining walls showing every bedroom, some

with beds still inside. "Hopefully, we won't have to do any of the fighting we've trained for," said Lance Corporal James Palubicki, 21, of Crystal Lake, Ill. "We just want to help the refugees come out of the mountains and get back to their homes."

Such missions are growing for the Marines and the entire U.S. military, and they are the model for future wars by the U.S. Religious and racial conflicts are bubbling over around the globe. During this presidency alone, the Pentagon has stumbled painfully into clan warfare in Somalia, Haiti and Bosnia. In such conflicts, \$2 billion B-2 bombers may be able to punish from the air but it takes G.I. boots on the ground to secure the peace. And according to the doctrine of the former Joint Chiefs Chairman, General Colin Powell, America should always go into these conflicts as the biggest, baddest force on the block. Go in to win. Pow-

STALKING A SERB SNIPER: U.S. Marines advance cautiously through the streets of Gnjilane



50% houses in western Kosovo reduced to rubble

ship and maneuver, and has often stifled the flexibility of the operational commander," retired Army Colonel Max Manwaring wrote recently. The U.S. desire to avoid risking troops, though understandable, "sends mixed signals to warring factions, reduces U.S. credibility with coalition partners as well as antagonists," he wrote. "Excessive emphasis on force protection can be politically and militarily dangerous."

The Marines are facing a variety of threats in Kosovo. To begin with, they must confront the extensive land-mine emplacements in Kosovo. Company commanders have been warning their 200-man units that the Serbs have long specialized in making mines out of plastic so they can't be located with standard mine-detection gear. The allies are using mine plows and remote-controlled vehicles to detonate such mines before sending troops in. The Serbs, however, are clever about planting underground bombs. There's concern that they've done what they did in Bosnia, trip wiring antitank mines to antipersonnel mines so a smaller mine explodes when a bigger mine is moved, or daisy chaining mines so that triggering one detonates an entire minefield. Though the Serbs have turned over maps of their minefields to NATO officials, no one wants to walk onto a field that Yugoslav generals "forgot" to put on the list.

The Marines must also confront the increasingly aggressive Kosovo Liberation Army. A standoff last week with 116 K.L.A. fighters over their right to be armed ended only when Cobra helicopter gunships and other Marine firepower moved in. The rebels gave up more than 100 rifles, 37 blocks of TNT and other matériel.

The Marines want to nurture the return of civilization to this blighted province. No one knows how long that will take. In spite of the Clinton Administration's pledge nearly four years ago that U.S. troops would stay in Bosnia for only 12 months, more than 6,000 remain there today. So there will be no timetable for Kosovo. The Administration has acknowledged all along that it was going into Kosovo without an "exit strategy." It will be up to these Marines to help make one. ■

Douglas Waller/Cologne

The Three Ifs of a Clinton Doctrine

FOR BOTH PRESIDENT BILL CLINTON AND SECRETARY OF STATE MADEIRAINE Albright, the war in Kosovo has been as much about morals as it has been about geopolitics. Every Tomahawk, every B-2 and every smart bomb was working not only to demolish the Serbs' will to fight but also to destroy the idea that dictators could commit the nastiest of crimes as long as they acted inside their own country. It was a war, says Maryland's Democratic Senator Joseph Biden, an influential Clinton adviser, designed to show that men like Slobodan Milosevic "cannot hide behind a border." But for Clinton it may also be the war that allows him to establish a foreign policy for the 21st century.

Somalia and the Persian Gulf War each imprinted America's role in the world with new ideas about force and diplomacy. Now Clinton and his advisers are eager to ensure that Operation Allied Force adds some fin-de-siècle twists. For starters, it has made the once gawky Clinton Administration far more confident mixing force and diplomacy overseas.

Last week a buoyed Clinton, greatly relieved that NATO jets weren't still flying attack sorties over the former Yugoslavia, took his own jet for a postwar, feel-good victory lap in Europe. Air Force One stopped first in Paris, where Clinton had a cozy bistro dinner with French President Jacques Chirac. Next it was off to Cologne for a conference of Western leaders. Clinton ended the week with a visit to the two icons of his military campaign—scratchless U.S. air power in Italy and ruined ethnic-Albanian refugees in Macedonia.

Those two images—force and human tragedy—will serve as bookends for the Clinton doctrine, which Administration officials say the President will unveil in coming months. Kosovo, the President believes, has opened the door for NATO to fire shots outside its alliance when three "ifs" are satisfied: if there's a clear moral justification for using force (such as ethnic cleansing on the scale perpetrated by Milosevic), if the trouble spot is strategically important (a pan-Balkan war would have tested Eastern Europe's stability), and if the military operation can be undertaken without exacting a heavy price. It is easy to see these ideas as a possible future for American policy. They suggest a nice admixture of realism with ideology: Milosevic's army committed horrors in Kosovo,

but even Clinton recognizes that he would never have bombed to try to stop it if it had meant risking war with Russia. And it is still a policy that tolerates some relativism. Don't, for instance, look for NATO to go righting wrongs in parts of the world like Africa. Clinton's doctrine is also a step up from the Powell doctrine, which offers guidelines for how to behave once the nation is committed to war but no advice about getting involved in the first place.

The new if-if-if approach isn't a foreign policy panacea, however. The U.S. and NATO still have to figure out how to engage the Russians, for example. And NATO will still need to rebuild Kosovo—to say nothing of devising a long-term solution to the problem of dealing with Milosevic. And for all its simple charm, the new triple-if doctrine doesn't answer one other crucial if: What do you do if American soldiers start to die in battle? Without an answer to that question, the Clinton doctrine may be as short-lived as the war. ■



IF-IF-IF Albright and Clinton are pondering new global rules



"A LOT OF THE TECHNOLOGY THAT HELPS PUT THIS

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Al Gore's Lucky Break

Gore's first weapon against George W. Bush is a freebie from the G.O.P. Can gun control jump-start his campaign?

By KAREN TUMULTY and
JOHN F. DICKERSON

CAMPAIGN
2000

AL GORE NEEDED TWO THINGS last week: a 10-ft. pole to distance himself from Bill Clinton and an issue to distance himself from George W. Bush.

He got both. Showing that he could be his own man was the carefully planned theme of the Vice President's "Love Me for Me" tour, but at an event capping the exercise, the Vice President got a little something his campaign has recently lacked: a lucky break. It came in the form of gun control, the first real fight he can take to Governor Bush of Texas, and a fight that Americans might even watch closely in this prenatl presidential campaign.

In Los Angeles, Gore was already prepared to talk about gun control at the packed gymnasium of Fairfax High School, where a student was shot dead in English class six years ago. But moments before he was to arrive, the House of Representatives voted 280-147 against legislation to restrict access to guns and impose safety locks on them. Gore had found his mojo. "What is the Congress doing?" he asked, his arms whirling. "With your help, I will personally lead the fight to pass [these laws] as President of the United States."

Five weeks earlier, when Republican Senators misplayed a crucial gun-control vote and allowed the Vice President to break

the 50-50 tie in the Senate chamber, the moment had been a political gift. House Republicans last week let him keep it. Gore can show his best outraged face at congressional inaction, but privately strategists in his camp are ecstatic. They hope that Gore-the-gun-control-crusader will bore into the lead of front runner Bush, whom they view as vulnerable because he opposes mandatory child-safety locks on guns and supports the right of Texans to carry a concealed weapon. Polls show that the massacre at Columbine

Hughes, Bush's communications director.

Most G.O.P. members of Congress, for their part, got what they wanted. Arms-bearing rights were still intact, and an earlier bipartisan maneuver—a vote for tepid gun control (backed by the N.R.A.) joined by 45 Democrats—took some sting out of White House charges that only Republicans were seeking to water down the laws. The House G.O.P. also showed that they could actually pass legislation. Their juvenile-justice crime bill included a few

favorites in the culture-war hit parade, notably an amendment that allows states to put the Ten Commandments in the schoolhouse. It was an opportunity for majority whip Tom DeLay, the real power in the House, to turn preacher and fulminate against the "liberal relativism that has hollowed out the souls of so many."

But while DeLay fumes, the Republican Party has a national election to worry about—and a six-seat House margin to protect. Gun control may not play well in G.O.P. strongholds, but it may help Democrats in swing districts, where their polling shows nearly 60% support among independents for last week's most hotly debated gun-control measure: background checks for purchases made at gun shows. No



SHOOTING BLANKS

"The guns have little or nothing to do with juvenile justice," said G.O.P. whip Tom DeLay of Texas, who said he "had a great time" last week getting to debate the cultural roots of youth violence



wonder, then, that when a weaker version of gun control passed on Thursday, Democrats gleefully chanted, "Six seats! Six seats! Six seats!"

That's the kind of enthusiasm Gore has had trouble generating in his campaign. Part of the reason is the man with whom he has shared a stage for seven years. That's why, when he was not talking about guns last week, the message was: "I am not Bill Clinton." It was a trickier dance step for the man who had declared Clinton "one of our greatest Presidents" just hours after he was impeached. But Gore was practicing it everywhere last week, in hotel ballrooms and on outdoor stages and in a prime-time two-step with ABC's Diane Sawyer, when he called the President's conduct inexcusable, awful, terrible, horrible. And "the most upsetting thing about it," Gore told reporters in Tennessee, was that Clinton squandered a year as a result of his Lewinsky antics. Gore promised that he would be the one "to make up for that waste of time."

After more than six years in the White House and 23 years in public life, Gore finds himself in the exquisitely odd position of having to introduce himself to the American people. His surveys show he's a hologram, visible but vaporous, or as his pollster, Mark Penn, puts it, "famous, but unknown." Even that may be too generous a reading, given the poll that shows 45% of Americans say they definitely won't be voting for him. The challenge, says Coelho, is to "unshackle yourself from everything else that's going on and become the candidate."

So at his campaign kickoff in his hometown of Carthage, Tenn., Gore talked of "my own values of faith and family" and how he would marshal the "moral leadership" of the Oval Office. And at every stop, he had on hand the sweetheart he met at his high school prom, 34 years later proclaiming him handsome and sexy in what amounts to a public-service announcement for the joy of monogamy.

Gore never mentioned Bush's name but mocked the politics of "eloquent words" and "pretty rhetoric." To play up the contrast, he left behind everywhere a blizzard of policy proposals—delving into the fine print of the tax code to propose new breaks for research, and advocating expansion of the family-leave law to cover parent-teacher conferences. But all the frolicking with Tipper and the five-point plans could not match the week's unscripted windfall from the House floor. This week Republicans handed Gore a break, but for his campaign to succeed, he may have to figure out how to make the next ones on his own. ■

★ VIEWPOINT ★

Eric Pooley

Meet George W. Reagan

A certain Texan has a role model. Hint: it's not his dad

A WEEK INTO THE RACE, IT'S CLEAR WHAT KIND OF CHOICE GEORGE W. Bush wants to offer America: Reagan vs. Bush. But this time Bush will play Reagan and Gore will play Bush. Get it? George W. hopes to sketch this contest (he's already thinking general election) as the sunny, straight-talking, conservative cowboy from out West against the tense, aloof, out-of-touch elitist from back East. In other words, he's trying to assume the role perfected in 1980 by Ronald Reagan (but without all that pesky ideology) while casting Al Gore as the pencil-neck child of the Establishment. During the 1980 G.O.P. primary, that thankless role was played (and this is what makes the whole thing so delicious) by W.'s father George Herbert Walker Bush. "That elitist label was so unfair," says George W.'s strategist, Karl Rove, who has to say that sort of thing or the Bushes will lash him to the Kennebunkport rocks at low tide. "But Gore is a true elitist—went to the best schools, lived in a hotel, doesn't really seem to like people, whereas the Governor is outgoing and optimistic and has a bold vis—"

You get the idea. But young Bush (no stranger to great schools) has a way to go before he assumes Reagan's mantle. He looks the part, but he hasn't displayed any-

thing like Reagan's ability to deflect attacks or deliver warm words and one-liners to a camera. (He may need those gifts because his grasp of world issues seems at times Reaganesque.) Nor does Bush have Reagan's base of true believers, since he hasn't been espousing a consistent ideology for 20 years. Or even 10. "Reagan had earned his spurs by 1980," says his former campaign manager, John Sears. "George hasn't."

Reagan's 1980 campaign has been a template for G.O.P. front runners ever since. First among its lessons: Send out a genial, general message early, and avoid specific proposals. Reagan learned the danger of specificity in 1976. He was poised to snatch the nomination from President Gerald Ford—but then he delivered his infamous "\$90 billion speech," which called for gutting that much from the federal budget and turning power over to the states. Ford's team jumped on it, and the uproar helped drive the winning margin to Ford. So three years later, Reagan, by then the undisputed G.O.P. front runner, spent the summer of 1979 holed up at his California ranch because Sears didn't want to risk trotting him out. Even after Reagan declared

his candidacy, in November, he ducked debates with rivals, who howled that no one knew where he stood. Only after he lost the Iowa caucuses did he oust Sears and join the fray.

It's a cherished ritual: the front runner hides or glides above the pack, the underdogs issue position papers and attack the leader for dodging tough questions. Vice President Bush did it in the summer of 1987, and George W. is doing much the same thing. The rule doesn't apply to the Democrats this time because Gore, with his welter of proposals, is already fighting the general election, and the gauzy Bill Bradley is, as always, playing by his own rules. Gore's pollster, Mark Penn, notes that when voters are asked about Bush's stands on specific issues such as abortion (he is pro-life), his ratings drop. Gore hopes to bury Bush's style with his substance. "The problem with that strategy," says consultant Hank Sheinkopf, a veteran of Clinton/Gore '96, "is that no one is listening to Gore's substance. It's too early."

Bush is too smart to chase Gore down some policy rabbit hole. Instead, he'll trumpet him with vision—if he can find one. "The public's attention is with him," says Sears. "Does he have something to say? People want to hear two or three simple, powerful ideas. Maybe he can get elected without that, but to exercise real power as President, he's got to have it." And that's the true lesson of Reagan. ■



Reagan beat Bush and then made him V.P.

Margaret Carlson

The Trouble with Pleasing Everyone

Bush's vagueness on abortion means we're losing a chance to forge consensus



GEORGE W. BUSH IS TRYING MIGHTILY NOT to lose votes on the fault line of abortion. He's building a really big tent, large enough to fit soccer moms and Christian activists comfortably inside. Several months ago, Bush said *Roe v. Wade* will not be overturned until hearts are changed and so we should focus on ways to reduce abortion. Last Monday he retreated further from the strict pro-life agenda, saying he would not insist on a "litmus test" for court nominees.

Bush will always call himself pro-life, but it looks as if he is going to fake right and move left (or is it the other way around?) in hopes that pro-choicers will think he's secretly their friend and would never ban abortion. If I had to guess, I would say he is either like his father, seemingly indifferent, or like his mother, seemingly pro-choice. But why should voters have to guess? If he really believes that every abortion is the taking of a human life, would he throw in the towel because not enough hearts agreed with him? Like most of us, Bush may well have a more nuanced position. But why risk revealing it when you can instead send a fuzzy message sufficient to keep voters confounded until the polls close? Actually, it's always tempting to fly below the radar, but this year the public is starved for candor, tired of the pointless manipulation former President Gerald Ford warned against two weeks ago: "Candidates without ideas hiring consultants without convictions to run campaigns without content."

Former Congressman Vin Weber, co-founder of Empower America, says "the old formulation is breaking down in this election, and Bush is testing a new one." The new formulation calls for soothing soccer moms by seeming to retreat from the official platform on abortion, while using religious testimony to quiet the Evangelicals. Bobbie Gobel, who as chair of Iowa's Christian Coalition controls the most sought-after endorsement in the state, concedes that Bush hasn't publicly told the line on abortion but says she believes that as a "man of God" he will. To explain why she thinks this, she proceeds to tick off the various religious moments that have poured out of the Governor's office: Bush's walk on the beach in Kennebunkport, Me., with the Rev. Billy Graham, after which Bush recommitted his life to Jesus Christ; Barbara Bush's whispering to her son during a sermon on Moses' leading his people, "He's talking to you, George"; his praying with nearly all the ministers in Texas these past six months.

Let's stipulate that the "reinvigoration of his faith" is genuine—but it's also helpful in the here and now. Former Christian Coalition director Ralph Reed says, "His testimony of a profound faith experience does not act as a surrogate for being acceptable on the issue, but it does make it easier to give him the benefit of the doubt because he shares the grassroots faith and values."

With that benefit of the doubt, couldn't Bush take the risk of searching for a policy that can accommodate conflicting moral claims, so that we can stop thinking each other evil? During the perennial debate over partial-birth abortion, something important changed, but the extremists running the show were so dug in that they let the moment pass. For the first time

in decades, pro-choicers (and the much desired soccer moms) were confronted with the statistics showing that late-term abortions weren't quite so rare or performed solely in grave circumstances and that the "health of mother" exception had expanded to include numerous gauzy psychological factors. The 1973 trimester construction of *Roe v. Wade* seemed at odds with what our eyes could see. Viability comes sooner now (a 1991 study found that 34% of babies delivered at 24 weeks can



The Rev. Flip Benham leads a pro-life rally in Buffalo, N.Y.

live). Perhaps the time was ripe to consider placing trimester restrictions on late-second-trimester abortions (not just partial-birth abortions). At the same time, some on the antiabortion side opened up to the notion that people every bit as moral as themselves might reasonably recoil at the idea that a five-weeks-pregnant 13-year old is carrying a child with rights equal to hers, "which cannot be infringed." Gobel says "a teenager old enough to fornicate is old enough to be a mother," but many others on her side can see that forcing a child to bear a child should not be the punishment for having sex.

Gobel has already prayed with Dan Quayle (whom she may endorse) and Steve Forbes, whom she won't (she doesn't buy his recent conversion or forgive his once calling Pat Robertson a "toothy flake"). She is waiting for Bush to come pray with her, which she expects within the next two weeks, before she makes up her mind. While Bush has so much of the country's attention, will he prove Ford wrong and lead us someplace instead of blowing \$60 million on slick ads and a fog machine of road-tested, split-the-difference platitudes? He could lead, not follow, and woo the Christian right by bringing them along, not just kneeling down with them. ■



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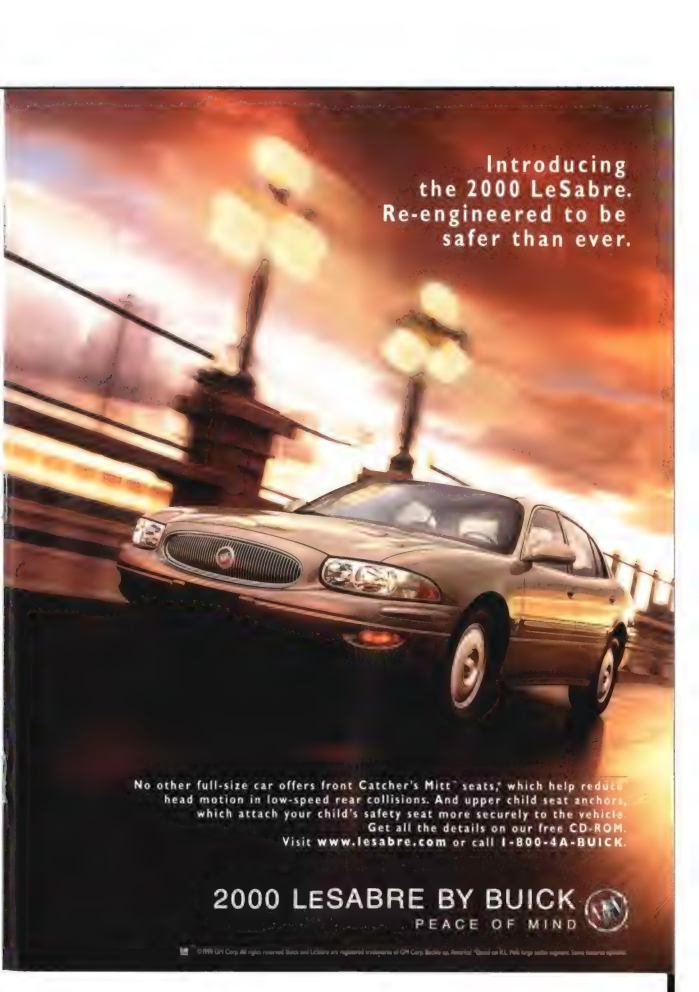
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THE ROLES SHE'S PLAYED

At her arrest, right, and, clockwise from top left, as University of California-Santa Barbara theater major, 1967; Berkeley activist, 1974; the St. Paul actress in *Great Expectations*, 1998; in *Fair Country*, 1998; in *A Lion in Winter*, 1997

Hiding in Plain Sight

Kathleen Soliah and her terrorist past evaded the law for nearly 25 years. Now comes the reckoning

By HOWARD CHUA-EOAN

THE 52-YEAR-OLD GUERRILLA LIVED with her husband the doctor in a \$264,000 five-bedroom, four-bath home in St. Paul, Minn., surrounded by neighbors who included doctors, bankers, a stockbroker and Republicans of all types. She grew hostas and geraniums and ran a mean marathon. Though she may have once consorted with bank robbers and bombmakers, the soccer mom of three girls was now a gun-control advocate and found time to narrate Christmas pageants, feed the homeless and read to the blind. In this life and on the local stage, where she most recently starred in a one-act drama called *Tall Tales*, she was known as Sara Jane Olson—her maiden name, she said. But last week, as she was driving her Plymouth minivan to teach English as a second language, FBI agents arrested her on 24-year-old California charges. They called her Kathleen Ann Soliah. She never denied they had the right person. All she asked for was a lawyer.

The arrest brings with it a history lesson and a trip through radical America. In February 1974, a handful of urban guerrillas calling themselves the Symbionese Liberation Army kidnapped publishing heiress Patricia Hearst in Berkeley, Calif. Two months into her abduction, Hearst became the armed

S.L.A. operative "Tanya" whose image was captured by security cameras at bank heists. In May 1974, the S.L.A. was decimated after a cataclysmic shoot-out with the Los Angeles police. At about this time, police say, Soliah, actress, part-time waitress and best friend of a slain S.L.A. member, joined the movement after surviving guerrillas reluctantly approached her and her boyfriend Jim Kilgore for help. As Hearst later wrote, "She had been considered too flaky to be trusted." But Soliah joined "enthusiastically." As did her sister Josephine and brother Steve, who briefly became Hearst's boyfriend. In August 1975, Soliah allegedly planted pipe bombs underneath two L.A.P.D. vehicles, which were found before they detonated. The next month, Hearst was arrested and gave up evidence against the remaining guerrillas before being sentenced to seven years. (She claimed the S.L.A. had brainwashed her, and served two years before President Carter commuted her term.) Soliah and Kilgore remained at large.

Her parents say that 10 years ago the FBI told them it was no longer pursuing Soliah. But

California still wanted her. The recent dip in crime allowed the L.A.P.D. to reassign officers to unsolved cases, and Lieut. Tom King, 50, whose father Mervin had led the fire-fight against the S.L.A., took a fresh look at Soliah's and Kilgore's. His men got a federal jury to indict her for "unlawful flight to avoid prosecution." That warrant brought the FBI back in. Last month the bureau posted a \$20,000 reward and asked the syndicated TV show *America's Most Wanted* to feature Soliah and Kilgore, who is wanted for "possession of an unregistered explosive device." Calls to the show's hot line led the FBI and the police to Soliah.

Before that, however, Soliah had been thinking of negotiating her way back from pseudonymity. An attempt in 1989 came to naught. But this year, through an intermediary, she passed word to Larry Hatfield, a veteran reporter with the San Francisco *Examiner* (coincidentally, a Hearst publication), that she might turn herself in to the FBI if she could avoid jail time. She broke off talks when *America's Most Wanted* aired its segment. Says Hatfield: "Kathy's side thought that the show indicated bad faith."



Death Rides the Rails

A serial killer is at work along the tracks, shocking all of Texas with the brutality of his attacks

By HILARY HYLTON AUSTIN

HIS MOST SINISTER VISIBLE FEATURE is the tattooed snake that creeps up his left forearm. But the uncapturable horror of the alleged serial killer Rafael Resendez-Ramirez is his rage. Investigators shy away from discussing the "commonalities" among his victims—at least five of them, perhaps more, over the past seven months. But they obliquely refer to the way

his victims are beaten to death by blunt instruments, which can include brutal blows by the killer's hands and feet. Says Mike Cox, spokesman for the department of public safety in Texas: "It takes a lot of rage to beat someone to death if the killer knows the person. But to have that kind of rage against a stranger is spooky."

Ramirez haunts the railroads. His first known Texas victim, Dr. Claudia Benton, was found 100 yds. from railroad tracks in West University Place, an affluent community in Houston. She had been sexually assaulted. All the others lived near or were found along the web of tracks surrounding Houston, one of which leads to San Antonio. Ramirez, says Cox, has a "fascination" for train travel. Ramirez is 38 or 39, and was first arrested when he tried to cross the U.S.-Mexico border illegally. But he returned again and again. Ingenious enough to be issued a voter-registration card and driver's license in St. Louis, Mo., according to the Dallas

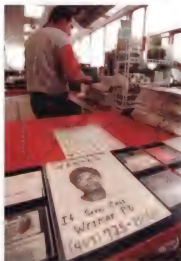
Morning News, he allegedly voted in the 1988 presidential election. Says Cox: "This guy has used 12 different aliases, three or four dates of birth. I've seen six pictures of him, and they all look different." There have been several false sightings, and police and an FBI task force have roused illegal aliens out of freight trains in their search.

Ramirez has taunted the authorities with conflicting clues. He all too obviously left the Honda Civic of his most recent Texas

victim, Noemi Dominguez, near the international bridge on the border, indicating he'd fled into Mexico. Yet his suspected depredations also point north of Texas. Last week investigators were dispatched to Gorham, Ill., where George Morber, 80, and his daughter Carolyn Frederick, 52, were found beaten to death. They lived alongside railroad tracks. Ramirez is also wanted for questioning in the 1997 assault and murder of Christopher Maier, 21, a University of Kentucky student, who was slain

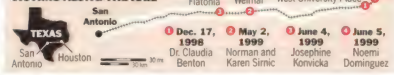
as he was walking with his girlfriend near tracks in Lexington, Ky. The woman was beaten and raped but survived.

Ramirez breaks into homes, but his intention is not to steal but to annihilate. That viciousness has cleared store shelves of guns in the small towns along the tracks that crisscross Texas. "Right now," says Cox, "Ramirez is the most wanted man in Texas. And he might be the most wanted man in the U.S."



WANTED POSTER But the suspect has had several guises and aliases

VICTIMS ALONG THE RAIL



—Reported by David S. Jackson/Los Angeles and Timothy Roche/St. Paul

BUSINESS

LIVING THE LATE SHIFT

Call them the e-coal mines: Internet start-ups are long on hours, short on millionaires



OPEN ALL
NET:
Webcaster
Pseudo.com
still buzzes
at 2 a.m.

By KARL TARO GREENFELD

DOWNTOWN, NEW YORK CITY; TUESDAY, around midnight. Skat is interacting on live chat with Appzworld. A twentysomething blond, she rants into a microphone as a Canon XL-1 digital video camera sends streaming footage of her to a few dozen Webcast viewers across the U.S. and Canada. With her free hand, she types responses to comments posted in the IRC (Internet relay chat) Netfiend room.

"What's up, Appz? You got skillz?" Skat asks, mugging for the camera. She steps back to read aloud his offer to swap pirated content for high-tech gear. "Appz wants to trade a Star Wars screener for a new motherboard PII 200 with a sound card."

What's going on here? Even the producers, programmers and performers responsible for presenting the hip-hop-culture-meets-computer-hacker show Netfiend, one of a hundred streaming video shows Webcast weekly by Internet start-up Pseudo.com, can't tell you for sure. But they are thrilled to be here so deep into the night. Internet television is an unproved—and, for the moment, virtually unwatched—medium, yet the Netfiend

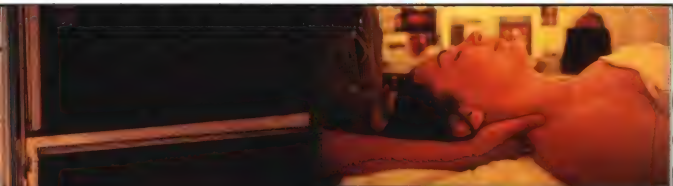
crew is resolutely sure it is on the verge of something very big. So confident are Skat and Pseudo.com's 70 other employees of the vast potential of their still undefined and unsellable product that they are willing to be underpaid for 70-hour workweeks in a poorly ventilated former garment factory.

That desire to be in the middle of the digital revolution has compelled thousands of young workers to migrate to one coast or other seeking to cash in on the Internet and silicon dream. The myth goes something like this: acquire computer skills (skillz, in the jargon), join an aggressive start-up and, when the company goes public, cash in and make millions of dollars. It worked for Amazon.com's Jeff Bezos, Yahoo's Jerry Yang, C-Net's Halsey Minor and a host of others. When will it work for you?

The reality, though, is that the new-media and high-technology workplace today often more closely resembles a piece-work-industry sweatshop than a pristine NASA laboratory. New Internet businesses, financially strapped and compelled to set up shop on pricey real estate in Manhattan's Silicon Alley or California's Silicon Valley, have to scrimp on the office space, using converted industrial lofts crammed with desks, T-1 lines and terminals. During

the pre-initial public offering phase of a start-up, precious capital must be allocated to marketing and sales rather than rent and salaries, which contribute only to the burn rate—the monthly running expenses of an Internet company ticking toward IPO or implosion. For new-media employees, the workday is 16 hours, the workweek seven days. "Cyberspace is rife with sweatshops," says Andrew Ross, director of the American Studies program at New York University. "The problem is, very few people realize it. The glamour of the technology industry carries a powerful mystique."

CEOs rely on that mystique, and on the legions of eager Webbie wannabes it attracts, to keep costs in line; very few new-media firms pay overtime or bonuses. "I see so many dawns it is ridiculous," says Mark Oren, 25, an information-systems architect at IXL, an e-commerce-solutions company based in New York City, "consecutive days where it's 5, 6 a.m. and I'm finally going home." And the salaries, while decent, are hardly stratospheric. A New York New Media Association study found that high-tech jobs paid an average of \$37,212 a year, tough going in a city where a pizza costs \$15, and lower even than salaries in such old-media jobs as advertising and TV.



AT HOME ON THE JOB

New-media firms go out of their way to blur the line between work and play: an employee at Razorfish, above, enjoys a massage, while at Pseudo.com, a deejay spins till midnight. Toys typically adorn offices



But CEOs, eager to rally their employees to look beyond the low pay and long hours, liken their businesses to wars and their workers to zealous warriors. "There's a revolution going on," says Jeffrey Dachis, 33, CEO of Razorfish, a Web design firm, "and we're handing out rifles."

And pillows. To keep employees at their terminals longer, the companies intentionally blur the line between work and play, office and home. Bring your dog to work, decorate your workspace with Gundam robots and Darth Maul action figures, drink all the Mountain Dew you can stomach. Where would a young techie rather be, at home struggling with a high-ping 56k modem or at the office, surfing on a T-1 line?

For the driven CEO, the mixing of work and play creates a beautiful sight: workers in front of their terminals into the wee hours. "I don't think there is leisure time anymore. New-media workers don't take time off and decompress; their idea of time off is playing Quake on the LAN [local area network]," says Steve Baldwin, co-author of the forthcoming book *Netlives*.

It's the job of executives at the top of the Internet food chain to convert that low-cost enthusiasm and work-is-play lifestyle into

publicly traded companies worth millions of dollars. And a number have succeeded: TheGlobe.com's chairman Michael Egan is worth about \$200 million; StarMedia CEO Fernando Escuelas, 32, now has a net worth of \$256 million. Josh Harris, chairman and founder of Pseudo.com, stands to make millions when Pseudo goes public later this year.

But for the cast and crew in the engine rooms of these Internet dreadnoughts setting sail for IPO land, the reality is that many of them will never see stock-option millions. Some can't sustain the grueling hours. Still others won't stay at the company for the four years it takes the typical options package to vest—i.e., for the shares to become sellable. "The options are what lead people onward," says Patrick Neeman, director of development at the website Buyingedge.com. "But these people waiting for the big IPO are just waiting forever. The only people who get wealthy are VPs and above." And here's another reality check: for every 10 companies that offer employees options packages, only one ever actually goes public.

What happens to the unlucky many who don't get rich by the time they are 30?

In a field that relies on the young, older programmers become increasingly unemployable because their salary demands are likely to be out of line with start-up budgets and their skills to be perceived as obsolete. Computer-science professor Norman Matloff of the University of California at Davis points out that 20 years after college, only 20% of programmers remain on the job. Most no longer work in high technology.

But for the Netfiends at Pseudo.com, the long odds don't deter them from long hours. There is in this cluttered, cramped studio, amid the computers, monitors and digital video cameras, a palpable messianic fervor that this is incontrovertibly the right place to be. The future is happening here, and how can you put a price on that?

Skat, the Web host, looks up from her monitor and says, "Pseudo is about hiring young kids who live the Net and don't know about equity positions." As for Skat, well, she's a little older now, and she's working out her own deal—which will, of course, include stock options.

—With reporting by Janice Maloney/Silicon Valley

any single party to control what does or doesn't go up on the Web."

But this high-minded mission leads quickly to Third Voice's doozy of a downside—namely, that Web proprietors will no longer be able to determine what appears on their own sites. Dotting the White House home page with tart graffiti is one thing; messing with, say, a Fortune 500 company's multimillion-dollar promotional campaign is quite another. Until now, online publishing was "like a TV ad—what you send is what they get," says Jonathan Zittrain, a lecturer at Harvard Law School who runs the school's Berkman Center for Internet & Society. "Now your message can be changed, enhanced, diluted." How will Amazon.com react, for instance, when its book ads are tagged by a Third Voice-enabled competitor offering the same titles for 5% less, along with a handy link to the rival site? "The initial reaction," says Zittrain, "will be, this is a nightmare."

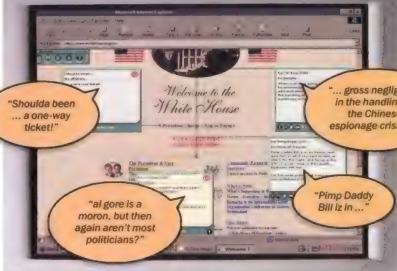
And the second reaction will be, get me a lawyer! A group of Web developers calling itself Say NO to Third Voice has been organized to fight a product most of the online world hasn't even heard about. "Do we not have the right to determine what our URL is being used for?" asks a screed on the Say NO site, which also offers a link to Java software that supposedly deflects Third Voice markers. "At first the idea seemed cool," says developer Andrew Keeler. "But then you think about it a little and start saying to yourself, this is crazy!"

Crazy, perhaps. Lucrative, probably. Legal? We'll see. The company's terms-

of-service boilerplate, says Tan, clearly states that the product is not for commercial use and that offending postings will be removed. He insists, however, that posting negative comments about a product on a vendor's own site is just another form of free speech.

It may also be a sure-fire way to get sued. Zittrain considers it "a near certainty" that Third Voice will wind up in court. At

the same time, he's pretty sure that any attempt to muzzle it on grounds of copyright violation will fail. Which leaves Third Voice, despite the inevitable onslaught of silliness and spam, looking like a keeper. The Web was built on the promise of power to the people. So it is somehow fitting for the Web establishment to sweat a little, now that its creation is actually starting to deliver.



Spraypainting the Web

An upstart called Third Voice thinks the online world is ready to hear another opinion—yours

By MICHAEL KRANTZ

THE WHITE HOUSE HOME PAGE ON THE Web is pretty much what you'd expect: a stirring photo of the building with Old Glory flapping on either side and wonky links like "White House Help Desk" and "Commonly Requested Federal Services" lined up neatly underneath. But, hey, what's this tiny triangular marker by the "White House for Kids" link? And why, when you click on it, do you see a list of, um, non-government-sanctioned comments such as "Mommy, what's oral sex?"

Have hackers been at the White House website again? Are George W.'s operatives already doing dirty tricks in cyberspace? No, this is graffiti anybody could have written, thanks to a cool piece of free software called Third Voice that lets you leave your mark on every website you visit. With each passing software season, the once passive Web grows a little more interactive. Hundreds of websites have added bulletin and scribble boards where visitors can post comments. There is even a charming little app called Goody that lets users stick live-chat windows on any site they choose.

But it's Third Voice that's drawing the most attention—good and bad. The software, brainchild of a trio of Singaporean immigrants based in Redwood City, Calif., lets you attach Post-it-type notes throughout a website. Subsequent visitors who have also installed the software can read your messages, add comments or start their own


discussion threads. The notes don't actually overlay the underlying sites; they merely overlay them with a "transparency," to use nomenclature preferred by co-founder and CEO Eng-Siong Tan. And they cover everything from earnest commentary and rude invective to invitations to check out the poster's hot new home page.

Launched just last month, and thus far available only for the Explorer 4.0 browser, Third Voice already smells like a hit;

a company spokesman says that tens of thousands of copies have been downloaded (from www.thirdvoice.com) and that the rate is "growing exponentially."

Controversy may follow. On the one hand, Third Voice offers plenty of potential added value: feedback from your audience is, at least in theory, a good thing, and weekly visitors could become hourly obsessives if they get caught up in a busy site's evolving commentary. Tan is trying to sell Third Voice to established sites as a way to build traffic, and this summer the company plans to launch a "discussion search engine" to help users navigate the new communities Third Voice hopes its product will spawn. "The Web promises open expression, but that ability has been limited to those with a printing press," says Tan. "We don't want

"At first the idea seemed cool. But then you think about it a little and start saying to yourself, this is crazy!"



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URBAN GORILLAS

A new breed of jungle sanctuary for creatures from the Congo opens in the Bronx—yes, the Bronx

By EUGENE LINDEN

AMY VEDDER HAS SEEN IT ALL A thousand times before. Gazing into a jungle clearing, she watches as a lumbering group of gorillas approaches. Brushing through rainforest shrubs, knuckle-walking past a strangler fig, they push their way into the open. While the adults forage, the juveniles climb the trunk of a fallen tree and

play king of the mountain. From somewhere above, hornbills and blue monkeys sound an alarm.

Familiar as the scene is, Vedder—a conservationist who began studying gorillas in Rwanda in 1978 with Dian Fossey—can't help noticing that it's also a bit surreal. For one thing, she's standing behind a wall of thick, protective glass. For another, she is not actually visiting the gorillas' home range; rather, they're visiting hers. Just to

the west, after all, stands Yankee Stadium. Next to that is a subway station for the 187 line that runs straight into Manhattan.

The gorillas' patch of untamed forest is, like the stadium, located squarely in the Bronx. Recently built into the southwest corner of the sprawling Bronx Zoo, the 6.5-acre range is a magnificent exercise in environmental illusion. The leaves the gorillas are munching are willow, native to the U.S.; the strangler fig is really catalpa, a local species; the understory plant is butterbur, native to Japan; the fallen tree is made out of metal, mesh and layers of epoxy; and a few hundred yards from the recorded sounds of hornbills



THROUGH A GLASS
These apes feel right
at home among mesh
and spiky trees

and monkeys, Latin music blares from a picnic on a sweltering June afternoon.

All this artful fakery is the centerpiece of the zoo's new Congo Gorilla Forest, scheduled to open this week. The \$43 million exhibit will provide a homey setting for at least 19 gorillas, not to mention small populations of okapi, red river hogs, mandrills, wolf monkeys and about 70 other exotic species. The exhibit is intended not only to attract visitors but also to direct their attention—and their dollars—toward the plight of the animals' native habitat in the Congo basin, an area about the size of Western Europe that finds itself under re-

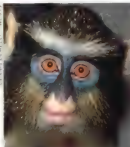
lentless assault from loggers, poachers and chronic civil unrest.

Whether the exhibit will achieve that political and economic mission is uncertain. Even before it opens, however, its other mission—providing a sanctuary where gorillas can live as they were intended to—is being fulfilled. "It's such a pleasure," says Vedder, who serves as director of Africa programs for New York's Wildlife Conservation Society, "to see gorillas doing gorilla things."

In recent years, the world has become a brutally hard place to be a gorilla. Although there are still more than 130,000

gorillas in the Congo basin, they are being killed and crowded out at an alarming rate. By one estimate, 800 gorillas in Cameroon ended up as "bush meat" last year.

If the wild habitat is vanishing, however, it's at least possible to create a counterfeit one—and the designers of the Congo exhibit have done an astonishingly good job of it. The artificial environment they've built in the Bronx includes 45,000 sq. ft. of synthetic rocky terrain and 10 miles ofersatz vines. Manufactured mist swirls at the top of a functioning waterfall. There are wading pools and rivers, and even treetop lookouts from which gorillas can survey the



BRONX CHEER

■ \$43 million was spent to build this replica of an African rain forest in the Bronx Zoo, complete with 10 miles of fake vines, 11 artificial waterfalls and 45,000 sq. ft. of sculpted-concrete terrain

■ The 6.5-acre exhibit is home to 75 animal and 400 plant species, including more than 1,000 trees (55 of them man-made)

■ 700,000 people are expected to visit the new exhibit each year; its \$3 entry fee (on top of the zoo's \$7.75 admission price) will be used to help protect wild animals in the Congo basin



MEET THE NEIGHBORS Living with, or at least near, the gorillas are Wolf's monkeys, gray-cheeked hornbills, African rock pythons



landscape around them. Most of the different types of animals that live in the exhibit won't be free to mingle as they would in the wild, though the handful of species that do get along will have limited access to one another's territory.

But even the best captive environment is still a poor substitute for the genuine article, and William Conway, the retiring president of New York's Wildlife Conservation Society, insists that the true mission of the exhibit—and of zoos as a whole—should be to help raise the kind of money and conduct the kinds of research that will prevent animal habitats from vanishing in the first place. Says Conway: "Zoos must serve the needs of the creatures they exhibit."

The Bronx Zoo has long been committed to that goal. In the 1960s it dispatched half a dozen scientists to work overseas in research and conservation. Today that number has grown to 65 full-time scientists running 326 programs in 52 countries. Conway's hope is that the Congo Go-

rilla Forest will provide additional funds for that army by making de facto conservationists out of some of the 500,000 to 700,000 people expected to visit the exhibit each year. Each guest will pay a \$3 fee in addition to the zoo's \$7.75 admission charge, and that money will be donated to various WCS Congo field projects. Before visitors leave, they will be encouraged to stop at ATM-like touchscreens and designate which one. Given the volume of tourists expected, the fees could easily double the \$1.5 million the WCS now spends on programs in the Congo basin.

Promising as all this is, the Congo exhibit still has some growing pains. More than 300 species of plants were imported for the exhibit from habitats around the world. No sooner were they transplanted to the Bronx, however, than they started being devoured by

"Bush meat" in Africa

While a few great apes live in luxury in the new Congo Gorilla Forest in the Bronx, many of their wild relatives are being killed or crowded out of their homelands in Africa. The chief threats to their survival are threefold:

LOSS OF HABITAT Gorillas still roam extensive areas in Central Africa. But they find themselves increasingly confined to smaller and smaller islands of forest, only a fraction of which have been set aside as wild-animal preserves. Logging is a major problem, although if done prudently the displacement is temporary; the removal of selected trees can even increase, over time, the type of vegetation gorillas prefer. Logging roads, on the other hand, are deadly because they provide access to poachers.

HUNTING So-called bush meat, which includes gorilla flesh, has long been an important part of local diets. But as the human population grows and new roads make it easier to ship gorilla meat to the cities, the situation is likely



115,000 western lowland gorillas

17,000 eastern lowland gorillas

620 mountain gorillas

to get worse before it gets better. There are laws against killing gorillas for any reason, but enforcement is spotty.

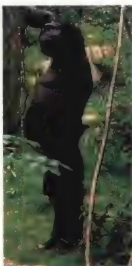
WAR The civil wars that have killed or dislocated millions of Central Africans in the past decade have also made gorillas more vulnerable to depredations. "Even now," says Amy Vedder of the Wildlife Conservation Society, "significant portions of gorilla habitat are unreachable by conservation forces because of the continued fighting. Until that stops, we won't even know what we've lost." —By David Bjorklie

the resident animals. "Take a good look at the exhibit," laughs Vedder. "This may be the last time it looks this way."

Some critics grumble about the cost of the exhibit, wondering what \$43 million

might have bought had it been devoted to preserving the real rain forest rather than manufacturing a phony one in the northernmost borough of New York City. Says Suzana Padua, president of Brazil's Institute for Ecological Research: "We could do wonders with one-tenth of what was spent here."

That's missing the point. Zoos around the world attract 650 million visitors a year, generate billions in revenue and have the power to turn casual gawkers into ardent conservationists. Think of the Congo Gorilla Forest as an investment in which the payoff is that future generations of animals may live their lives not in zoos but in the wild. ■



FUND RAISER The price of admission goes to the Congo



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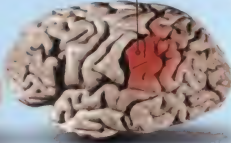
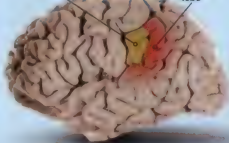
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WHY EINSTEIN WAS EINSTEIN AND YOU'RE NOT

NORMAL BRAIN contains regions called the parietal operculum and the inferior parietal lobe; the latter is the seat of mathematical and visual reasoning

EINSTEIN'S BRAIN was no bigger than most, but the parietal operculum region was missing. This allowed the inferior parietal lobe to grow 15% wider than normal

Parietal operculum
Inferior parietal lobe



Was Einstein's Brain Built for Brilliance?

Quite possibly, say Canadian researchers—and they may have pinpointed the source of his genius

By MICHAEL D. LEMONICK



IT DOESN'T TAKE AN Einstein to recognize that Albert Einstein's brain was very different from yours and mine. The gray matter housed inside that shaggy head managed to revolutionize our concepts of time, space, motion—the very foundations of physical reality—not just once but several times during his astonishing career. Yet while there clearly had to be something remarkable about Einstein's brain, the pathologist who removed it from the great physicist's skull after his death reported that the organ was, to all appearances, well within the normal range—no bigger or heavier than anyone else's.

But a new analysis of Einstein's brain by Canadian scientists, reported in the current *Lancet*, reveals that it has some distinctive physical characteristics after all. A portion of the brain that governs mathematical ability and spatial reasoning—two key ingredients to the sort of thinking Einstein did best—was significantly larger

than average and may also have had more interconnections among its cells, which could have allowed them to work together more effectively. While the case is far from proven, says Dr. Francine Benes, director of the Structural Neuroscience Laboratory at McLean Hospital in Belmont, Mass., "it's a fascinating discovery."

The curious tale of how the brain got to McMaster University, in Hamilton, Ont., is equally fascinating. When Einstein died of a ruptured abdominal aneurysm in 1955, at the age of 76, the pathologist who did the autopsy at Princeton Hospital, Dr. Thomas Harvey, removed the brain, pickled it in formaldehyde—and kept it. Harvey had no credentials in neuroscience, and his unauthorized appropriation of Einstein's brain appalled and outraged many scientists. Possession was evidently a point in his favor, though. At the pathologist's request, the family agreed he could keep the organ for scientific study. But over the next four decades Harvey, who now lives in Lawrence, Kans., doled out little in the way of either published findings or bits of brain for others to examine. For a while, according to several reports, he stored the thing behind a cooler in his office.

Finally, in 1996, Harvey gave much of his data and a significant fraction of the tis-

sue itself to Dr. Sandra Witelson, a neuroscientist who maintains a "brain bank" at McMaster for comparative studies of brain structure and function. These normal, undiseased brains, willed to science by people whose intelligence had been carefully measured before death, gave Witelson a solid set of benchmarks against which to measure the seat of Einstein's brilliant thoughts. To make the comparison as valid as possible, Witelson and her team compared Einstein's tissues with those of men close to his age.

What they found was that while the overall size of Einstein's brain was about average, a region called the inferior parietal lobe was about 15% wider than normal. "Visuospatial cognition, mathematical thought and imagery of movement," write Witelson and her co-authors, "are strongly dependent on this region." And as it happens, Einstein's impressive insights tended to come from visual images he conjured up intuitively, then translated into the language of mathematics (the theory of special relativity, for example, was triggered by his musings on what it would be like to ride through space on a beam of light).

Not only was Einstein's inferior parietal region unusually bulky, the scientists found, but a feature called the Sylvian fissure was much smaller than average. Without this groove that normally slices through the tissue, the brain cells were packed close together, permitting more interconnections—which in principle can permit more cross-referencing of information and ideas, leading to great leaps of insight.

That's the idea, anyway. But while it's quite plausible according to current neurological theory, that doesn't necessarily make it true. We know Einstein was a genius, and we now know that his brain was physically different from the average. But none of this proves a cause-and-effect relationship. "What you really need," says McLean's Benes, "is to look at the brains of a number of mathematical geniuses to see if the same abnormalities are present."

Even if they are, it's possible that the bulked-up brains are a result of strenuous mental exercise, not an inherent feature that makes genius possible. Bottom line: we still don't know whether Einstein was born with an extraordinary mind or whether he earned it, one brilliant idea at a time. ■

SCIENCE



Kasparov's World War

On the Net, anyone can take on the chess champ

FIVE DAYS BEFORE THE OPENING MOVE of Kasparov vs. the World, the chess champion sat in a fashionable Manhattan restaurant fighting off symptoms of a nasty head cold. Hunched over a cup of hot lemon juice and pinching his throat in pain, Garry Kasparov didn't look quite ready to rumble with the rest of the human race. Was this the world team's last, best hope at victory? Don't count on it. "There will," Kasparov says firmly, "be no mistakes in this game."

You'd better believe it. The tournament, which kicks off this Monday, pits the greatest living chess player in a single match against all comers on the Internet. Anybody who logs on (at www.zone.com) can vote on a variety of moves suggested by a panel of young grand masters. The most popular move is made; 24 hrs. later, Kasparov responds. And a few snuffles aren't likely to prevent the mighty Russian from beating amateur pawn pushers like you or me into a bloody pulp. "I don't expect us to win or anything," says Irina Krush, the 15-year-old U.S. women's chess champ and world-team coach, "but it'll be a fun game."

And a closely watched one too. Quite

apart from being a timely test of war by committee (take note, NATO), it's Kasparov's first public confrontation with computer technology since his match with IBM's Deep Blue in 1997. Those games, billed as a historic confrontation between man and machine, ended with man's humiliating defeat (and petulant calls by Kasparov for IBM to hand over Deep Blue's printouts; two years later, they still refuse).

This time, however, man and machine will work in harmony—on both sides. Kasparov and many of his opponents will be consulting vast databases of past games and plotting computer-assisted strategies, a practice as common in chess now as using calculators to do long division. What's new here is the vast scale. In the long run, Kasparov vs. the World may tell us more about chess and human thought processes than Deep Blue ever could. "The result is irrelevant," says Kasparov, himself a part-time computer scientist and Internet addict. "It's a big experiment."

Indeed, you could say Kasparov is experimenting on us. The idea of playing a match in cyberspace was his, and the grand master has carefully controlled the setup from start to finish. He chose the game's host—Microsoft—for its software and marketing muscle. He insisted on up-and-coming chess prodigies to lead the world team—rather than more famous rivals like Anatoly Karpov or Nigel Short—so it wouldn't become a grudge match. And he set the 24-hr. gap between moves to ensure an antiseptic game, with none of the silly blunders you get in speed chess.

All well and good. But isn't there any way we lab rats can beat the chess scientist? Grand master Daniel King, who will do the commentary, thinks the sluggish time frame could actually work in our favor. Kasparov, he says, "thrives on pressure situations" and may play less aggressive chess at a leisurely pace. Let's hope so. Otherwise, we'll have to start rooting for the head cold.

—By Chris Taylor

Tanning Bonus

It worked for frogs, Dr. Norman Levine reasoned, so why wouldn't Melanotan, a synthetic form of a natural hormone called Alpha MSH, work for humans? When frogs are given a shot of the stuff, it triggers rapid pigmentation of their skin. Perhaps, the University of Arizona dermatologist thought, Melanotan might help humans develop a tan without their having to expose themselves to the damaging ultraviolet rays of the sun.

With approval from the Food and Drug Administration, Levine administered a series of Melanotan shots to a group of 10 volunteer men, all of whom soon turned various shades of brown. But one of them,

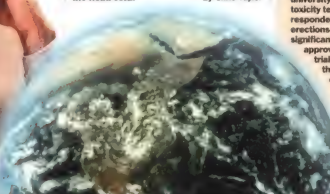
whom Levine admiringly describes as an "astute observer," reported another, unexpected result. Soon after each injection, he had what he described as a "spontaneous erection." Closely questioned, seven of the other men realized that they too had experienced seemingly Melanotan-connected tumescences.

The unforeseen bonus led Dr. Hunter Wessells, a University of Arizona urologist, to join the Melanotan team and help design tests of two groups of sexually dysfunctional men. Most of them also achieved erections after injections of the drug, including one man who had had no luck with Viagra. With Melanotan, he exulted, "the first time was absolutely incredible."

How does the drug work? Wessells believes it acts on the brain, specifically the hypothalamus, to set off arousal centers there. "It will start an erection whether you want it or not," he says. "The men in these trials weren't being stimulated erotically."

To meet FDA requirements for new drugs, Palatin Technologies, which licensed the compound from the university, is conducting efficacy and toxicity tests on lab rats, which have responded with their own little erections—and without any other significant side effects. Anticipating approval for more extensive human trials before the end of the year, the Princeton, N.J., firm is developing more palatable nasal-spray and pill versions, which it hopes will someday provide stiff competition for Viagra.

—By Leon Jurell







L A W

DEATH ON THE BEAT

The fateful story of a police department, a minority group—and one cop who tries to bridge the gulf

By STEVE LOPEZ PHOENIX

HIS SHIFT ABOUT TO BEGIN, PHOENIX police officer Marc Atkinson asks his wife if she knows something he doesn't, the way she keeps telling him to be careful. Yes, maybe she does. Maybe they both know something, but it has no shape. It is the same thing officer Scott Masino's wife feels when she tells him at about the same time that she doesn't want him to go to work. Something unknowable haunts the day.

It is March 26, 1999, the day Atkinson's seven-month-old son Jeremy will learn to drink from a cup, and Marc's wife Karen will page him with the news. It is the day Atkinson, 28, will call old friends out of the blue, uncharacteristically skip lunch and return a long-ago borrowed book to a Maryvale Precinct squad mate—a book on street survival, with a section on ambushes. And then he will ask his sergeant if he can be freed from radio calls to keep an eye on a west Phoenix dive that is a magnet for drug dealers.

At about 5 p.m., Atkinson pulls into the parking lot of the bar along with two other squad cars, and three young men from the vicinity of

a white 1988 Lincoln Town Car. The cops tail them into the bar and ask questions, but the answers lead nowhere. The other two officers peel off, and Atkinson waits, alone, watching the dive from a distance, in a neighborhood gone to hell. This is exactly where he wanted to be.

Atkinson is a former marine, and the well-groomed north side of Phoenix was too quiet for him. Three years ago, he asked for a transfer to Maryvale, where the action is. No white-haired Sansabelts in golf carts here. Drugs rule; gang bangers shoot each other out of boredom; and third-generation Mexican Americans join Anglos in grumbling about the illegals who pour across the border four hours to the south and come here to live. 10 and 20 to a house.

Atkinson, widely regarded as the best cop in his squad, believes he is needed in this precinct. He hands out police-badge stickers to children and tells Karen chilling stories about the conditions he finds them living in. His sense of frustration grows with each shift, but he is still young enough to think he can make a difference for thousands of residents who sweat the mortgage payments and fear for their kids' safety.

Now he runs the license plate on the Lincoln, and it comes up suspended, and when three young men, possibly the same three from earlier, emerge from the bar and drive away, he follows. He radios in that he is heading east on Thomas Road, planning to pull the car over. The Lincoln speeds up, and Atkinson goes to his lights and siren. His next radio transmission is one word—bailout; it quickens the pulse of every cop who hears it. Across the west side, squad cars bearing the raised-wing

SUSPECT AND VICTIMS

Clockwise from top left: Felipe Patrona-Cabanax is charged with the murder of officer Marc Atkinson, survived by his widow Karen and son Jeremy. Atkinson's death site has become a shrine. Much local crime is fueled by cocaine, like the ton seized in May

symbol of the mythic Phoenix change direction like birds in flight.

At 30th and Catalina, a colorless flatland marked by the concrete cake boxes of light industry, the driver of the Lincoln has jammed on the brakes and is bolting on foot as Atkinson turns the corner in pursuit. The backseat passenger hotfoots it in the other direction, and the front passenger slides cleanly across the seat, perhaps unseen by Atkinson. That passenger stands at the door, levels a .357 magnum at the squad car and fires several rounds. He is wearing a SAY NO TO DRUGS shirt. There is \$7,000 worth of cocaine in the glove box and a shotgun in the backseat.

today. He kicks a hole in the passenger window, unlocks the door and tries to revive Atkinson with help from another officer. She is Patricia Johnson, Atkinson's best friend on the force—the one who had lent him the book on street survival. Atkinson has taken two bullets in the right side of his head. Says Masino, 28: "It's almost like Marc's spirit was standing there next to him."

With the help of civilians, including two Hispanics who followed one of the fleeing suspects and used cell phones to report his location to police, all three suspects are in custody within minutes. All three are illegal aliens.

And now the commander of the Mary-

motorists were killed by police in separate incidents on a single day earlier this month. Judging by the national headlines, it is a season of cops gone mad. The story in Phoenix is different, but it is part of the same drama—the constantly stressed marriage between mostly white police forces and the minorities they work with, who are at once disproportionately the victims of crime and its perpetrators. The great majority of hardworking, law-abiding minority residents need the police for protection, just as the police need their help to catch the bad guys. But it is a relationship that can easily spiral into mutual recrimination, triggered by a cop killing or by police brutality.

A DIVERSE CITY AND ITS POLICE FORCE



12% of the Phoenix police force is Hispanic

28% or more of the population of Phoenix is Hispanic



ON SCENE

Suspects Osharin Cabanas-Salgado, top, and Oscar Martinez-Garcia. At right: Rory Vertigan, a witness to the crime



A security guard driving to work comes upon the scene and opens fire on the shooter as Atkinson's car rolls ahead aimlessly and plows into a utility pole. The guard, a red-haired, 300-lb. Irishman named Rory Vertigan, wings the shooter, who drops the Lincoln into reverse, slams into Vertigan's car and comes out flashing metal. Vertigan, his gun empty, rushes the driver, rips his gun away, throws him to the pavement and hands the weapon to another civilian just on the scene, ordering him to stand watch while Vertigan rushes to Atkinson and sees he has been shot.

The first officer on the scene is Masino, whose wife had not wanted him on the street

vale Precinct, a man who was born in Mexico and became a naturalized citizen at 24, is on his way to the murder scene. Manny Davila lives in two worlds, one the color of his uniform and the other the color of his skin, and he knows those worlds have collided on this horrible day. A day in which a brilliant, falling sun glints across the sprawling desert city, catching the top of the utility pole that Atkinson plowed into and casting the shadow of a perfect cross onto the side of a building across the street.

POLICE BRUTALITY IN NEW YORK CITY. RACIAL profiling in New Jersey. Quick trigger fingers in Chicago, where two unarmed black

Phoenix has had its share of both. Last year the city paid \$5.3 million to the family of a black 25-year-old who died as the result of a neck hold during a 1994 altercation with police; he was a double amputee whose prosthetic legs came off during the struggle. And a civil trial awaits in the 1996 police killing of a 16-year-old Hispanic, shot 25 times while armed with a butcher knife.

Arizona state representative John Lored, 29, a Mexican American, says that since 1990, he has been pulled over by police "six or seven times for no reason other than racial profiling." Once, while pulling up to his grandmother's house on Christmas Eve, his car lit up. Five police cruisers

were behind him, a helicopter overhead. He was ordered onto his knees and handcuffed. "They said there'd been a drive-by shooting," Loreda says, and he presumably matched a suspect description. "Situations like that happen all the time," Loreda claims, judging by calls he receives from constituents and by the way that police have come at him with sass and swagger until they find out he is a public official.

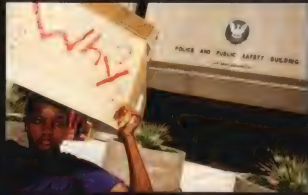
Loreda says most of his west-side neighbors want the police responding quickly to their calls, locking up gangsters and shutting down drug dens. But they don't want their kids harassed—good kids who go to school and to work—as part of the

principal's name and then drew a picture of a bed. The Spanish word for bed is *cama*. The teacher slapped him, the class roared, and his mother told him to find a way to endure. Without an education, he would have no chance in America.

Davila is now 49, and on July 20 he'll complete the course work for a master's degree from Northern Arizona University. His grade-point average is 4.0, and his wife Sue hangs his report cards on the refrigerator along with their son's and daughter's, both community-college students. And still he must endure. He is called "coconut"—brown on the outside, white on the inside—by some Mexican Americans. And when he

still draws a cross on the wall, Davila's spirit breaks again. "You had people calling the radio talk shows to take their shots. It started with illegal aliens, and then it was, 'Let's send all the Mexicans back.'" Some of his officers were jumpo too—ready to crack down on immigrants. "I told people that it's not whites or Hispanics who killed Marc," Davila says. "It's drug-dealing cop killers. The issue isn't ethnicity—it's crime and drugs." Losing Atkinson was bad enough. Davila was determined to lose nothing more.

TOM MARTINEZ, 59, HAS BEEN ON BLOCK watch for 18 years in the neighborhood where Atkinson worked and died. "You see



COP CRITICS
Outside Phoenix police headquarters, above, the fiancé of Edward Mallet, 25, a double amputee, protests his death while in police custody. Arizona state representative John Loreda, right, says that police frequently stop him and his constituents because they fit a racial profile



deal. "That type of aggression has an extremely negative impact on people."

Davila, who works the very neighborhood where Loreda lives, answers, "We've got nearly 3,000 officers in this city. Do we have some bad apples? Yes. But we're trying, and this is a department I'm proud of."

Davila got laughed out of elementary school when his family moved 40 years ago from Mexico to Douglas, Ariz. He couldn't speak English, and kids made fun of him, so he ran home, only to have his mother drag him back. One day the teacher had the class write a letter. Put the principal's name at the top, she said, followed by a comma. Davila dutifully wrote down the

made sergeant in 1982, he overheard a white colleague say, "We got another spic promoted. Let's see how long this banner lasts." Yet Davila believes as passionately in the goodness of his officers as he does in the goodness of struggling immigrants.

As he retraces Atkinson's route, wheeling through the last moments of his life, Davila comes upon the shrine where the officer died. Davila had tried, in his quiet way, to live beyond the stereotypes that divide police and community, white and Hispanic. And now there were people out there stirring it up, the vultures and hacks, politicizing Atkinson's death before he was in the ground. At the spot where the afternoon sun

this older woman out front? She's undercover. Reports everything to us," Martinez works for the recreation department. The friends who ride civilian posse with him work construction jobs and return to their well-kept homes each day with aching backs and cracked hands, and then they take turns pulling night duty, trying to pass pride of ownership and safe streets on to the grandchildren. "We've been burglarized 10 times, and nobody ever sees a vehicle or a person," says Tom Sapient, 51, who peers into the twilight from Martinez's backseat and misses nothing. "People are afraid to get involved."

Phoenix businessman Alfredo Gutierrez



rez, a former state senator, makes poetry of the west side's Los Angeles sprawl. "It's a place with no edges. It bleeds in and out of industrial and residential developments, and there's a creeping invisibility—an anonymity." The weak sense of community makes the area all the harder to police. And there is ethnic fragmentation as long-established Hispanics see new Mexican immigrants moving in next door, calling south of the border for the relatives and parking the truck on the sidewalk.

Davila knew he had a cultural clash on his hands when he took a call from a resident complaining that the next-door neighbor was growing corn in the front yard. New immigrants, Davila says, are "suspicious of cops. In Mexico most of a policeman's salary is from bribes. They think we're going to beat them up or take their money." It doesn't help that while Hispanics make up more than 28% of the 1.2 million residents of Phoenix, they account for only 12% of the city's police.

To all of this, add the drug problem. On May 5, police stumbled onto the biggest drug bust in city history—a ton of cocaine valued at half a billion dollars—and arrested two Mexican nationals. A federal drug official told the *Arizona Republic*, "Phoenix has arrived... as a drug transshipment point."

And then there's the gang problem. An estimated 300 gangs and 7,000 gang members work the streets of Phoenix, selling drugs, stealing cars and occasionally aerating one another. One day officer Robert

WHAT'S IN YOURS?
Commander Maney Davila lunches at
Palm Lane Elementary School, where
he mentors Andrei Rodriguez, to his left

Vasquez brings an East Side gang member into the station for a chat—a kid he is trying to rescue after meeting him at an alternative school. The 17-year-old has a tattoo of an X under his right eye and an 8 under his left. It's his gang ID. He runs with Wetback Power's 18th Street crew. "It's crazy out there now," he says. "You could be walking down the street, and some little 12-year-old will shoot you." Last year he was shot in both legs by a member of the Mafia Crip Gangsters, and he pulls up one pant leg to show through-and-through wounds where a bullet skewered his leg.

You begin to understand the frustration police feel when the gang member says that shooting a cop wins you honor these days; that all his contemporaries do is fight and shoot and get high and steal; that he will never identify the kid who shot him because rapping is the lowest; that he burns names under an R.I.P. tattoo on his left arm when close friends die; that he doesn't expect to live to 25; that sometimes he dreams about going legit and getting a really good job. Like what? "I don't know," he says. "Like maybe a telemarketer."

The last line of defense against the barbarians is filing into the briefing room at the Maryvale Precinct, home to 229 sworn

officers. Marc Atkinson's old squad is just beginning its 3:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. shift. Sergeant Pete Fenton tells them about a fresh homicide and about a tree that will be planted in Marc's honor out front. A chalkboard advisory warns against dining at a certain fast-food joint because a cook with a grudge, just out of jail, is bound to add special ingredients to any cop's dinner.

Several weeks have passed since Atkinson's murder, but you wouldn't know it to look around the room. Officers wear stickers on their belts or radios: IN MEMORY OF 5930. Atkinson's badge number. And now it hits you that these are kids. The age range is 24 to 34. At 28, Atkinson was the senior officer among 10. The one they looked up to. The one who couldn't die. When he did, they began wondering how they could be crazy enough to do this job. And then three weeks later, officer James Snedigar was shot dead as his SWAT team moved on an apartment in the nearby town of Chandler. Two of his three assailants, one of whom was killed, were identified as members of the New Mexican Mafia.

Out on patrol, Masino sees a car inching along suspiciously, and then suddenly the car speeds up and darts out of sight into a parking lot. Masino finds it, approaches cautiously and sees the driver and a passenger drinking beer. Neither speaks English, and Masino knows only a little Spanish. With TIME translating, we find out the driver has no license, no registration and no keys. He started the car with a screwdriver. When he finds out

JIMMY KATZ/STAFF PHOTO

he's under arrest, he makes a brief move on Masino, then thinks better of it. The passenger's hands, meanwhile, drop down under the seat in the car, maybe to hide something, maybe to get something, and in that moment everything is crystal clear: the potential for the cop to shoot. The potential for the suspect to shoot. The potential for either to die, and for the press, the public and the lawyers to wrestle over the facts for months and never approach the truth.

As this one turns out, there was no weapon or drug stash under the seat. Masino releases the passenger, telling him to stay home next time he wants to drink. The kid makes a rude gesture. "Nice doing business with you," Masino says.

DETECTIVE: "SO, THEN YOU WERE THE ONE that killed the officer, kid?"

Suspect: "Well, yeah, there's no other. How can I tell you?"

Detective: "Are you afraid?"

Suspect: "Well, yes ... I didn't want to do that. I didn't even think that he had died, but I know that I deserve my punishment."

The interview with Felipe Petrona-Cabanas, 17, took place the night of Atkinson's murder. On April 5, a Maricopa County grand jury indictment charged Petrona-Cabanas, his 18-year-old cousin and a third man, age 21, with first-degree murder. The 17-year-old will be tried as an adult in what will be a potential death-penalty case for all three. They have pleaded not guilty.

THE FIRST WEEK WAS HARD ON LITTLE Jeremy Atkinson, and he cried a lot. Whenever the garage door opened, he got excited, thinking it was his father. Now nine months old, Jeremy has just awakened from a nap, and Karen Atkinson, who has only recently returned to her job as a nurse, goes and gets him in their two-story house north of Phoenix. Marc's squad was right. Jeremy looks just like him. Sky-blue eyes, hair the color of straw.

When Marc talked about his work, it was mostly about the kids he would see. "He'd go into a house to arrest the parents for drugs, and he'd see a two-year-old, naked, needing a diaper, and the kid reaches up: 'Please hold me.'" At home, Atkinson was on a mission to have Jeremy's first word be Dah-dah. He'd hold him close, look into his eyes and repeat it over and over. But Jeremy never responded. And then shortly after Marc's death, Karen was awakened one night by

Jeremy's voice on the intercom: "Dah-dah, dah-dah, dah-dah ..."

TAKE ALL THE PROBLEMS OF THE DAY—drugs, gangs, the politics of immigration—and Manny Davila has an answer for them. Not a police roundup or a new law. A trip to a school. Here is Davila eating a cafeteria burger with the boy he has visited once a week for the past year in the Pathfinder program he volunteered for. He chose Andoni, 11, because he sees some of himself in the boy. Andoni was born in Mexico too. After lunch, in 98-degree heat, Davila organizes a basketball game on the playground. "He works with the whole class," says Nicole Liggett, Andoni's fifth-grade teacher. "He reads to the class with me; he plays with the kids at recess; he brings stickers, candy, ice cream."

In his three years as commander of the

officers resulted in 18 arrests. To keep the gangsters from returning, Masino and officer Brian Konegay opened a substation in one of the units. They gave a cell phone to the woman whose phone lines had been cut. When Masino pulls up now in his patrol car, that woman's seven grandchildren, no longer confined to the house, climb into his car to play with the lights and loudspeaker.

This kind of work provides a vital, unseen ballast as Phoenix is rocked by Atkinson's murder and by the ugly reaction from some quarters that there should be a crack-down on "the Mexicans" who should be sent packing. What could be a breakdown in race relations is defused by a quiet, powerful counter-demonstration—a defining moment in city history.

In response to the racist outbursts on talk radio, Hispanic leaders called for a peace march and a prayer vigil for Tuesday evening, four days after Atkinson's murder, with such short notice that no one knew how many people might show up. At 6 p.m., they started to gather in a field not far from the bar where Atkinson's chase had begun: adults and children, first in a trickle and then in a swelling stream. Michael Hernandez Nowakowski, a radio-station general manager, had bought hundreds of candles, and people began lighting them.

By 7 p.m., 800 people had gathered, and now police officers were joining in, clearing a path for a twilight procession

along the course of Atkinson's pursuit. Children carried photographs of Atkinson. A mariachi band played *De Colores*, a song about the rainbow after the storm.

As the marchers approached the site where Atkinson died, some left flowers or novena candles; others left poems or notes of thanks, many in Spanish. And then Davila spoke, in Spanish, then in English, thanking the throng for turning the place of Atkinson's death into sacred ground. State senator Joe Eddie Lopez followed him, asking Davila to tell his officers "that we love the work that you do, that we are slow to express it as much as we should, but that the safety of our children and our families rests in your hands."

After the vigil broke up, about 100 people stayed behind and said a rosary. Karen Atkinson was there, along with Marc's mother, brother and sister, and strangers went up to them to say—some in Spanish, some in English—that they were sorry. It would be the first night since her husband's death that Karen Atkinson slept.



ONE OF THE FINEST

Phoenix police officers from his squad bid farewell to their fallen comrade Marc Atkinson at his funeral in April

Maryvale Precinct, Davila and his officers have given up nights and weekends to help people paint, mend fences, organize anti-crime marches. On the streets of Maryvale, residents frequently refer to "my police officer," and the officer refers to "one of my people" getting robbed.

At the Woodmar apartment complex, Masino is seen as some kind of alien force by a woman whose name is being withheld to protect her from gangs. "I thought he was crazy, the way he just walked through here by himself at night," says the grandmother, whose phone lines were cut when she began snitching on dealers who had turned the complex into a drug emporium and shooting gallery.

In February work by Masino and other

CRAZY FOR THE CUP

With a 3-0 start, the U.S. aims for another world soccer title

By BILL SAPORITO

CHANGE THE GAME! YOU will often hear that phrase shouted on a soccer field, words that tell the person with the ball to take the play in a different direction. And change the game is exactly what the U.S. team did on Saturday at the opening match of the Women's World Cup. The Americans put on an unprecedented show of girl power before some 79,000 soccer moms and dads and daughters and sons who jammed Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, N.J.—the largest crowd ever to watch a women's sporting event. Not only did the stylish Yanks trounce Denmark, 3-0, but the game also proved that women's soccer, and women's team sports, have reached a new level of skill and popularity. "It was awesome," said forward Kristine Lilly, "really awesome," a word that got bouncing among the U.S. players. "The crowd was absolutely unbelievable," added superstar Mia Hamm. "It was awesome playing in front of 79,000."

The World Cup will be staged over the next three weeks in seven venues: Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York/New Jersey, Portland, Ore., San Francisco/San Jose and Washington. The final will be played at the Rose Bowl on July 10. And if the U.S. is playing for the trophy, the 92,542-seat stadium could sell out, setting a new record.

The U.S. squad, led by Hamm and a host of experienced players, ranks as the favorite

SUPERSTAR
U.S. forward
Mia Hamm
has brought
the game to
new heights

among the 16 competing nations. Yet defending champion Norway, as well as China or Brazil, could also win the trophy. The U.S. women won the first Cup in China in 1991. Four years later, Norway won the crown in Sweden. But at the 1996 Atlanta Olympics, the U.S. beat China 2-1 to win the gold—although few viewers got to see that achievement, since NBC gave the game short shrift. ("NBC thinks the world is made up of divers," fumed Hank Steinbrecher, U.S. Soccer's secretary-general.) That won't happen again. All the Women's World Cup games are being televised on ABC, ESPN or ESPN2.

Hamm needed only 17 min. to put her mark on Saturday's game. She buried a vicious left-footed shot in the roof of the Danish net after first flicking the ball past a defender with her right. "I was saying to myself, 'You've got to be kidding. I don't score goals like that.'" Apparently, she does.

Three years ago, when the International Federation of Football Associations (FIFA) began planning this World Cup, it had a modest event in mind, in keeping with its somewhat patronizing view of women's soccer. But Marla Messing, CEO of the Women's World Cup Organizing Committee, who had worked on the highly successful men's 1994 U.S. World Cup, persuaded FIFA to hold the matches in big stadiums in big cities, a strategy that has paid off.

Messing's bold move has caused a revolution in the macho world of global soccer. Europeans, who cheer for female runners and skiers, have disparaged the women's game of football as a dainty imitation of the real thing. But with attitudes changing, and with the Yanks kicking their derrières, soccer federations in Germany, Denmark and elsewhere have begun pouring money into their women's programs. This time federations have sent advance scouts and brought their teams over early to train.

Right now the women players are not as skilled as the guys, but in many respects their game is just as entertaining and often much more watchable. The U.S. team employs a relentless, attacking style that puts opponents in a vise until they crack. It's a far cry from the men's World Cup, where teams often dam the goalmouth with defenders and play dull, negative, just-don't-lose-it soccer. Nor do the ladies

act like the prima donnas strikers who turn the slightest foul into a scene from *Tosca*. And, blessedly, there is little danger of





SOLD OUT!
In New Jersey
on Saturday,
the first of
record-setting
crowds



1995
112,000
tickets sold for
26 games in
Sweden

1999
More than
460,000
tickets sold for
32 games

1995
Attendance
at the opening
game:
14,500

1999
Attendance
at Saturday's
opener:
75,000+

1995
Only the
six U.S.
games were
televised

1999
Every game
will be
televised
worldwide

the field being overrun by beer-sotted English hooligans or other so-called fans. Pack a lunch. Bring the kids. It's O.K.

In the U.S. the soccer world is upside down. The U.S. men finished dead last in the World Cup last year, bickering all the way. In that same year, a record 7.5 million U.S. women and girls registered for soccer teams, just under half of all player registrations. "Part of our mission statement is gender equity, and we've taken it very seriously, investing heavily in the women's game," says Steinbrecher. Cindy Parlow, 21, a slinky striker from Memphis, Tenn., has been in organized soccer since she was four. Like seven of her teammates, she attended the University of North Carolina, a perennial soccer power.

One of those teammates is the 27-year-old Hamm, the reigning queen of footie, who is a household name—if your household has a girl who plays soccer. Hamm shoots Nike ads with Michael Jordan and earns more than \$1 million a year in endorsements. She's one of the most recognized athletes in the U.S. One look at Hamm in action will tell you that she shares His Airness's

furnace-like competitive fire and focus. But she parts company with him when it comes to her approach to fame. Jordan wears his celebrity comfortably, effortlessly, like a scarf thrown over his shoulders. Hamm finds the garment restricting. She has refused cover shoots for magazines because she doesn't want to steal the spotlight from her teammates. After scoring her record-breaking 108th international goal, against Brazil in May, she told a TV reporter to "get a life" when he asked her how she felt.

Soccer is her comfort zone, a place to lose herself within the team and the game. "Growing up, I was very competitive, and I didn't like to lose," she says. "I was an emotional kid, and sports let me be happy, sad, frustrated, all on one field. It was O.K. to be that." Says Tony DiCicco, the U.S. women's head coach: "You see Mia's true personality come out on the soccer field. Coupled with her athletic ability and talent, when she puts it together, she's a dynamo."

Hamm lurks wide on the wings, waiting patiently for the ball like a burglar casing a jewelry shop. When she gets it, she sets off the defense's alarm bells. Explosively fast, Hamm often outruns the support of her teammates, leaving her to fend off two or three defenders.

But stopping Hamm won't be enough. The U.S. team is deep, many having played together for more than a decade. Defender Joy Fawcett has had two children in her dozen years on the team. During the Cup, Mommy will be off, kicking some butt. The words team chemistry here don't refer to drug tests. "You develop a bond that comes from spending too much time together," laughs Julie Foudy, a.k.a. "Loudy," 28, the motermouth midfielder who is available after practice to provide wicked commentary on her teammates' lives. Foudy sealed the Denmark victory with another left-footed bomb, courtesy of a pass from Hamm, and celebrated by running to the bench and turning in a comic pirouette.

Says midfielder Michelle Akers, 33, a cheerful wreck of a player who is fighting bad knees and chronic fatigue syndrome to win another championship: "We're part of each other's lives. We're in each other's stories." And if the team wins another championship, the stories will only get better. ■

TOO VIOLENT!

A R T S A N

Bullets over Holly

As the climate turns against guns and gore, filmmakers and TV studios are quietly trying to clean up their act

By ADAM COHEN

MIRAMAX AND THE CATHOLIC League have been brawling for months over *Dogma*, a film about holy men behaving badly, which will hit theaters later this year. But even as the filmmakers invoke artistic freedom to defend *Dogma*'s edgy religious scenes, they are quietly considering whether to re-edit other scenes, including one in which a pair of pistol-packing angels, played by Matt Damon and Ben Affleck, bullet-spray a board meeting at a large corporation, and another in which they have massacred a group outside a church. "There's definitely the question of Columbine to consider," says director Kevin Smith.

A chill has settled over Hollywood on the subject of violence. Washington's attacks hit a fever pitch last week, as Republican Congressman Henry Hyde blasted "toxically poisoning" entertainment and tried but failed to get an amendment passed making it a crime to expose children to violent movies. Hollywood lobbyists continue to attack such efforts as a violation of the industry's First Amendment rights. Nevertheless, the Columbine High School shootings and the national kids-and-violence conversation it set off have left Hollywood in an unusually reflective mood.



Dogma

While defending its film, starring Damon and Affleck, against religious protests, Miramax may cut violence

At pitch meetings and script sessions, in agents' offices and at poolside, the talk is of how many shooting sprees and explosions are too many and how much psychotic knife slashing is more than enough. Scripts are quietly being buried or reworked, movie websites reviewed and ad campaigns rejiggered. "Littleton had an effect on everybody," says Michael Pressman, new executive producer of CBS's *Chicago Hope*. "People are reeling creatively."

There have been a few highly publicized retreats. The WB network pulled the season finale of *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* last month because it had Buffy and her pals squaring off with a 60-ft. serpent at a high school graduation. No guns and no fatalities, but the network was still worried that it would be Exhibit A if anyone in a cap and gown were injured anywhere in the country. (The show has been rescheduled for next month.) And the Bravo cable network yanked *Teen Sniper School*, a guess-

you-had-to-be-there satirical segment on Michael Moore's show *The Awful Truth* that imagined students being given course credit for learning to shoot.

There's even more punch pulling going on behind the scenes. Warner Bros. has turned down a chance to be a partner with Disney on *Gangs of New York*, a Martin Scorsese-Leonardo DiCaprio historical drama in development, in part because of its violent subject matter, sources close to the production say. (Warner Bros. declined comment.) And Disney executive vice president Rob Moore told TIME that the studio will proceed with the movie only if the script's violence is toned down. Sony has been in angst mode for months over its Jeff Bridges-Tim Robbins movie *Arlington Road*. The paranoia-fueled tale

Will It Come to This?

A fantasy script
by Jamie Malanowski

86. "I Know Who You Butchered Last Summer" *How about*

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET DAY
BUNNY races out of the library and her playground. Scanning, she sees nothing.
Mister Tastee ice cream truck
Might frighten kids—CHANGE?
The man serving the ice cream is GUN

BUNNY as she draws her Glock semiautomatic
BUNNY
Drop the Sno-Cone, you son of a
bastard, or I'll blast you.

Children scatter. GUENTHER reaches for
pulls out an assault rifle and opens fire.

BUNNY, toppling in SLO-MOTION as
rejsers of BUNNY'S blood, bone and
with various flavors of I
BUNNY

wood

of a man who thinks his next-door neighbors are terrorists, scheduled for release on May 14, was bumped back to July 9 largely because of *Columbine*, says a marketing source close to the studio. Sony denies it, saying it was just trying to avoid entering a box-office Pod race with *The Phantom Menace*. Then there's *Fight Club*, a bare-knuckle-boxing drama starring Brad Pitt that's been roundhoused from its planned Aug. 6 release date and moved to the fall. Fox says the film needs more editing and would face too much competition, but there's no doubt that a little more distance from the Littleton shootings cannot hurt.

Disney Studios chairman Joe Roth says the climate is affecting production of projects like *Gone*

in *60 Seconds*, a Nicolas Cage car-theft action pic being made by Jerry Bruckheimer, producer of bone crunchers like *Con Air* and *The Rock*. Bruckheimer "is being careful that it's not overly violent, that there's enough humor in it, and there's a dramatic and clear moral message," says Roth. "We didn't not make the picture, but there's more conversation about its specific content."

If nothing else, a title change can help. Miramax was planning to go with *Killing Mrs. Tingle*, a dark teen comedy about a student's plot to get revenge on her teacher for a bad grade. But after a teacher was killed in Littleton, the studio renamed it *Teaching Mrs. Tingle*, and it's being billed as more of a lighthearted kidnapping-and-physical-abuse caper. *Forrest Gump* producer Wendy Finerman has expressed qualms, insiders say, about the violent content in *Sugar and Spice* and *Semiautomatics*, in which a high school cheerleader becomes pregnant with the star quarterback's child and turns to crime to support herself. The film has been retitled simply *Sugar and Spice*. And an Ellen Barkin comedy originally called *Crime and Punishment in High School* is now in production under the not quite so catchy name *Untilled '99*.

Movie marketing departments are also toning down their act, keeping guns out of the advertising artwork and playing down violence. "We're thinking about it up front at the sketch stage, long before we execute," says Tony Seigner, whose Beverly Hills ad firm does work for several top studios. He says his clients are thinking hard about whether actors who are popular with kids should pose with weapons. "Everybody's aware that there's a definite responsibility, the same way we don't have people smoking in ads anymore."

The Motion Picture Association of America, which runs the indus-

try's voluntary rating system, already bans ads in which guns are pointed at heads, and its president, Jack Valenti, says the standards may get tougher. Likely to get the most scrutiny: thrillers and action movies. "There's a difference between a *Dracula*-type film and one in which a guy splatters AK-47s all over the place," says Valenti.

Much of this activity is clearly a response to the anti-Hollywood climate in Washington. Although Hyde's amendment lost, the House did pass a "sense of Congress" resolution accusing the entertainment industry of including "pointless acts of brutality" in movies and TV. Hollywood is likely to be an even more tempting target during the presidential race. But filmmakers and TV producers are often parents too, and their new sense of responsibility may also be directed by conscience. When Arnold Schwarzenegger was approached to star in *End of Days*, about the devil coming to earth in human form at the millennium, he wasn't sure he should appear in the violent and potentially religiously offensive film. He says he went ahead only after meeting with his family priest and getting his approval.

Still, Hollywood isn't about to stop making violent movies or TV shows. *Scream 3* is scheduled to start shooting soon (though it's rumored the violence will be toned down), and New Line Cinema is planning to pit *Nightmare on Elm Street*'s Freddy Krueger against *Friday the 13th*'s Jason in another gorefest. At a cable-TV convention in Chicago last week, media-industry leaders insisted that their companies are being scapegoated for larger societal woes. "The same motion pictures that are distributed in the U.S. are distributed in Canada and England," said Viacom chairman Sumner Redstone, "and the kids don't kill each other as a result of seeing those movies." —Reported by Kim Masters, Jeanne McDowell and Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles

er" 5th revision
Too in-your-face
"A SAD AFTERNOON"?
ads for the
g - moms, kids, a
CUT TO:
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CUT TO:
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u!
CUT TO:
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ns fire.
CUT TO:
the bullets send
d organic tissue,
alian ice
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Or maybe
just bump
her head?

LANGUAGE!
Please
tone
down

CAN
BUNNY
JUST
GET
WINGED?



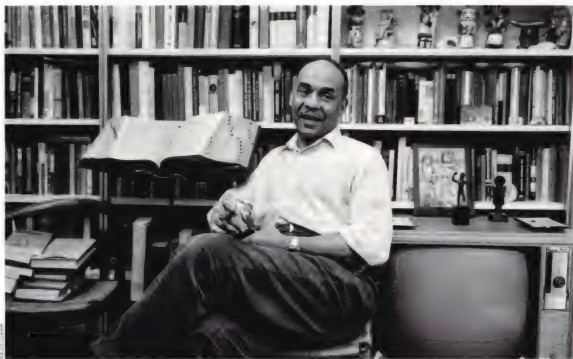
Arlington Road

Jeff Bridges' paranoid thriller had its opening delayed



Buffy the Vampire Slayer

The season finale was bumped owing to a graduation-terror plot; it will air in July



The Last Sublime Riffs Of a Literary Jazzman

He started it nearly 50 years ago. But Ralph Ellison's posthumous novel was worth the wait

By HENRY LOUIS GATES JR.

PERHAPS IT IS ONLY FITTING that *Juneteenth* (Random House; 368 pages; \$25), Ralph Ellison's long-awaited second novel, almost 50 years in the making, would be published in 1999, the centennial year of Duke Ellington's birth. For Ellington and Ellison, along with the painter Romare Bearden, were practitioners of a shared aesthetic, three titans of an African-American modernism, embodying in their work elegance, eloquence and élan.

They are the great romantics of the black tradition: what Ellington played, Bearden painted; what Bearden painted and Ellington played, Ellison put into words. Together their work expressed the belief that the ultimate source of a

sublime African-American art was to be found in the vernacular—the myths and folktales, the language games such as the dozens and signifying, and the sorrow songs and blues out of which each fashioned a sophisticated jazz idiom. And most audaciously of all, each believed the fundamental structuring principle of Negro art—improvisation—was also the essence of American democracy. The ultimate Americans, then, were Negro Americans. And America's self-generated curse was its perversely willed evasion of its full identity, an identity as black as it was white.

Ellison (who had tried both music and painting as careers) did not introduce modernism to his chosen art form as Ellington did. Rather, he introduced black

music to literary modernism, creating in his first novel, *Invisible Man*, a symphony of magisterial jazz riffs centered on Carl Jung's claims that "the Negro ... lives within [the American's] skin, subconsciously," and on the firm belief, shared with Bearden and Ellington, that it is the self—the black self, however buffeted by racism—that is the ultimate repository of one's fate. Destiny and liberation were inextricably tied to the solitary will.

Dedicated by Ellison "to that Vanished Tribe into Which I Was Born: The American Negroes"—he proudly and defiantly resisted the successive fads to rename that tribe—*Juneteenth* turns on the complex relationship between an ex-jazzman and trickster turned preacher, Alonzo Hickman, and his white—or nearly white—foster child, Bliss. Hickman reluctantly agrees to midwife and then raise this child of a white woman whose false accusation of

rape had caused his brother to be lynched. Bliss, though lovingly nurtured by his stepfather, eventually runs away in search of his lost mother and later transforms himself into Senator Adam Suraidera, a race-baiting politician the equal of Orville Faubus and Bull Connor combined.



Despite Hickman's attempts to warn his long-departed prodigal son, a black assassin shoots Sunrider on the floor of the Senate. The novel's action takes place on what we assume to be the Senator's deathbed in the form of remembered riffs of sermons, folktales, signifying and the dozens, in an often dazzling extended call-and-response pattern suggestive of two dueling horns in an after-hours gig at a jazz club.

Ellison's literary executor, John Callahan, a professor of humanities at Lewis and Clark College, laboriously edited the several versions of the manuscript Ellison was still working on when he died in 1994, extracting a segment that, Callahan says, "best stands alone as a single self-contained volume." Perhaps Ellison's greatest achievement in *Juneteenth* (the title, which refers to the day that slaves in Texas discovered they had been emancipated, was taken from an excerpt that he published in 1965) is his fusion of jazz motifs with the black sermonic form to forge a new mode of narration that brings together black sacred and profane cultural forms. ("What was jazz and what religion back there?" Hickman muses.) Hickman's sermons are masterpieces worthy of great black preachers such as John Jasper, C.L. Franklin or Gardner Taylor, but also evocative of solos by Ellington, Louis Armstrong or Charlie Parker:

"They cut out our tongues...
 "... They left us speechless...
 "... They cut out our tongues...
 "... Lord, they left us without words...
 "... Amen! They scattered our tongues in this land like seed...
 "... And left us without language...
 "... They took away our talking drums...
 "... Drums that talked, Daddy Hickman? Tell us about those talking drums..."

"Drums that talked like a telegraph. Drums that could reach across the country like a church-bell sound. Drums that told the news almost before it happened!"

At its best, this book is a stunning achievement, allowing us at least a glimpse of Ellison's mature vision as a novelist. Unfortunately, however, even the greatest solos or riffs do not a brilliant composition make.

If anyone had predicted in 1970 who would become the first African American to receive the Nobel Prize for Literature, surely it would have been Ellison. Until Toni Morrison, whose decade the 1980s would be, *Invisible Man* stood unrivaled in the black literary tradition. It was a monument to modernism, a densely allegorical

bildungsroman that both challenged the rather mechanistic determinism of Richard Wright's best-selling 1940 novel *Native Son* and celebrated the seemingly limitless possibilities of the self. Drawing upon Ellison's modernist jazz aesthetic, Morrison—through Faulkner and Marquez—introduced the postmodern lyrical black magical realism into the tradition, and in doing so, forever dashed Ellison's hopes of winning the Nobel Prize.

The politics of Ellison's mode of literary representation were quite controversial, especially among other black writers. Despite the international literary community's embrace of him, the response to Ellison from blacks was tempered, first by the nascent civil rights movement emerging in the mid-'50s, and then by the sometimes desperate passions generated by the Black Power

movement that sought to replace the philosophy of passive resistance with an urgently revolutionary militance. Ellison's unrelenting insistence upon the burdens of the individual's responsibility for her or his fate proved anathema to a younger generation of Black Power advocates hell-bent on achieving "Freedom Now" through "any means necessary."

Ellison was scorned and isolated. His great theme had been the evasion of identity; this new Black Power generation demanded the shedding of one collective identity—that of "the Negro"—but its replacement with a new one, a collective self based upon Afros, Africa and a vaguely defined politics of cultural nationalism. Ellison, who would be booted on college campuses in the late '60s, went into a self-imposed internal exile, hoping that the black-nationalist storm would blow itself out to sea.

Ironically, it was precisely when black nationalists were deriding Ellison for not being "black enough" that he was delving deeply—as deeply as any writer has done—into that grand and still largely uncharted reservoir that is African-American vernacular culture—collective, often anonymous, ribald and witty. At its best, *Juneteenth* is a tour de force of untutored eloquence. Ellison sought no less than to create a Book of Blackness, a literary representation of the tradition at its most sublime and fundamental.

Because of this, one can only lament that these outtakes, these marvelous solos, although crafted together by an extraordinarily gifted editor, did not appear in their proper place and order as part of the larger composition Ellison envisioned but could never complete. It is for this reason that we eagerly await Callahan's scholarly edition of the novel as Ellison left it in all of its fragmented and riotous confusion. Of *Juneteenth*, the leitmotif that Callahan has extracted from the whole, we can do no better than to cite Ellison's take on the Mississippi: *Juneteenth* "is a muddy masculine son-of-a-bitch and marvelous." ■

TITANS OF BLACK MODERNISM



Ellison shared an aesthetic with Duke Ellington, left, and the artist Romare Bearden that, like the excerpt below, improvised on the blues

"Even after all these years I can tell you of passions so fierce that it danced with gentleness, and how the whole hill throbbed with silence, the day gathering down, ordered and moving radiant beneath the firm pumping of our enraptured thighs, I can tell you, tell you how I became she and she me with no questions asked and no battle fought... How I was at rest then, enclosed in peace, obsessionless and accepting a definition for once and for once happy."

—*Juneteenth*



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Tennessee Two-Step

Tim McGraw is on a roll. And his better half isn't doing badly either

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

YOU ARE HAVING LUNCH WITH TIM McGraw, the country-music superstar, at a family-style Southern-food joint in Nashville. Your observations and reflections: 1) McGraw is one of those guys who actually belong in a cowboy hat. He looks cool in a cowboy hat. If you've ever seen, say, a presidential candidate in a cowboy hat, you know this is not always an easy trick to pull off. 2) Right now McGraw is wearing a hat that his wife, the country-music superstar Faith Hill, gave him—a baseball cap with COVER GIRL written above the brim. Several fellow diners pass him by, not realizing that the man in the silly cap is in fact a very manly country-music star. It's the perfect disguise. 3) On the way out to his car, he comes to a fence, and instead of walking around to the opening, as ordinary non-studly types would do, he rests one hand on top of the barrier and swings his whole body over, as if he's in an action sequence in *T.J. Hooker*. It's a little thing, but *my* macho. It helps you understand the screams of women at his concerts.

McGraw and Hill are, right now, the prince and princess of country music. Oh, sure, sales-wise, Garth and Shania are still the king and queen, and yes, Kelly Willis' *What I Deserve* is, so far, the smartest, most consistently worthwhile country CD released this year—but if you're talking young, if you're talking sexy, spunky and—how cool is this?—married, McGraw, 32, and Hill, 31, are it. They are the Tom and Ni-



TOP OF THE WORLD: His new album debuted at No. 1

cole of today's country music (fully clothed, of course). Hill's sunny third CD, *Faith* (Warner Bros.), has gone double platinum and spawned the hit single *This Kiss*. McGraw's new album, the amiable *A Place in the Sun*, debuted at No. 1 on the pop chart, and is still going strong. On July 1, in Reno, Nev., McGraw will launch a new solo tour.

Young Samuel Timothy Smith didn't always seem to have the makings of a superstar, but the boy who would become Tim McGraw was country from the word go. He grew up in Start, La., a town, he says, that consisted of "a cotton gin, a couple churches and a school or two." Tim's father Horace Smith, a trucker, would take his son on runs, a load of cottonseed in the back, eight-track tapes of Johnny Paycheck and Charley Pride in the front. "By the time I was six," says McGraw, "I felt as if I knew the words to every album Merle Haggard ever recorded."

When McGraw turned 11, his life seemed to become a country song. Searching through closets to get an early

gander at Christmas presents, he came across his birth certificate. He couldn't read the name listed for father, but the occupation read "baseball player." He says his mother Betty fessed up that his biological father was major-league baseball pitcher Tug McGraw. Tim struck up a cordial relationship with him and later changed his last name but still considers Smith, who raised him, his "real" father.

After an aborted stint at Northeast Louisiana University (he was prelaw), McGraw went into country music and signed with Curb Records. He fell in love

with Hill while both were headliners on the aptly named Spontaneous Combustion Tour in 1995.

Hill, like McGraw, was a small town-er. She worked as a McDonald's dishwasher, among other jobs, before moving from Star, Miss., to take her shot at stardom in Nashville. "You just can't be around her and not fall in love with her," says McGraw. "I just got lucky that she felt the same way." One day, before his set, McGraw asked her to marry him and then headed off to the stage. When he came back, she had written her answer on the mirror in his trailer: YES.

The couple, who have two daughters, Gracie, 2, and Maggie, 10 months, strive to keep family first. The McGraws live right outside Nashville but are on the road three months of the year. The kids travel with Hill, but both Mom and Dad constantly stop in at each other's shows to steal quality time together. A joint tour may soon be in the offing. Hill, who recently inked an endorsement deal with Cover Girl cosmetics, describes herself as "very independent," but nonetheless, off-stage she prefers to go by her husband's name. Says Hill: "I really think of myself as Mrs. McGraw."

Hill and McGraw, who have recorded two hit duets, work well together. At a Faith Hill concert in New York City, McGraw kicked the show off with a bang by striding out unannounced for a solo set. "Thank you," he said, "for coming to my wife's show." In truth, this show's a family affair. ■



DYNAMIC DUO: McGraw and Hill are country's hottest couple

In the Eye of a Storm

Puff Daddy was a bad boy. Now he has to face the consequences

By DAVID E. THIGPEN

A SA CELEBRATED RAPPER, PRODUCER, philanthropist and party-giver-and-goer extraordinaire, Sean ("Puffy") Combs is used to being the center of attention. But the eyes of the music world will be on him for another reason this week: on Thursday the multimillionaire hip-hop mogul is scheduled to appear in a New York State criminal courtroom to face felony charges for assault. In April he and two bodyguards invaded the office of Interscope Records president of black music Steve Stoute and allegedly administered a street-style beat-down. Combs blamed Stoute for allowing MTV to air a music video with a scene of Puffy nailed to a cross—a scene Combs had ordered cut.

The charges can carry a penalty of up to seven years. But Combs is unlikely to do time. Instead, he will probably plead to a lesser charge and agree to a financial settlement. Such a deal would come with a hefty price tag: Stoute could pocket a payment of anywhere from \$1 million on up in exchange for agreeing not to file a civil suit. But even if Combs' legal problems are disposed of, there will be lingering questions: Why would one of hip-hop's smartest executives attack a rival and risk jail? What lit his fuse?

Combs isn't talking, but conversations with his friends and associates suggest that an array of factors suddenly converged to push his sometimes volatile temper over the red line. After he filmed the mock crucifixion scene for the Nas video *Hate Me Now*, Combs had second thoughts that the imagery might be considered blasphemous. So as he often does, he consulted his religious adviser, the Rev. Ezekiah Walker of the Pentecostal Love Fellowship Tabernacle in Brooklyn, N.Y., where Combs worships. "I told him to cut the video," Walker told TIME. "Sean has a strong spiritual sense and a lot of faith, and I told him there were things that could damage him with the church." What's more, says Walker, "Sean is working on gospel-rap songs for his next album. He wants to awaken the spiritual side in hip-hop." Rap music and church doctrines coexist uneasily, and Combs realized that the crucifixion

scene could harm his album by offending the audience he was trying to capture.

The release of the Nas video and the subsequent attack on Stoute came as yet more bad news in a year in which Combs had already been fighting to steer his company, Bad Boy Records, out of its current doldrums. The bounty of multiplatinum hits from Mase, the Notorious B.I.G., and Puffy himself has tapered off, and the label's new releases have yet to pick up the slack. Albums by Faith Evans, Total and 112 were all expected to be strong hits, but so far only 112's *Room 112* is approaching platinum. "By Puffy standards, a gold record is considered a flop," says an observer. And last month Mase announced that he is retiring from recording to join a ministry. All of which increases pressure on Combs to make his August solo album, *Forever*, a big hit.

According to Combs' friend Russell

PUFFY'S TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

SEAN COMBS His tussle with Interscope Records' black-music president Steve Stoute, right, escalates into a legal and publicity nightmare that could cost Combs millions of dollars, or send him to jail

MASE Puffy's protégé and the No. 1-selling rapper, who helped fill a void left by the late Notorious B.I.G., unexpectedly announces that he is quitting recording to join a ministry. Tough break: Mase's debut sold 3 million

FAITH EVANS Sky-high hopes for singer Faith Evans' *Keep the Faith* fall to earth as the record sells just 650,000 copies so far: solid, but far from a megahit



DOWNBEAT The hip-hop mogul faces uncertainty

Simmons, chairman of Def Jam Records, the attack on Stoute erupted from a moment of superheated passion. "Sean is an artist, and artists are about guts and instinct and emotions," Simmons says. "He's not a gangster." Says Strauss Zelnick, CEO of BMG Entertainment, Bad Boy's parent company: "It's unkind and unfair to judge Puffy on one incident."

Combs apologized for the beating—but, according to Stoute, he waited six weeks to do so. "Puffy reached out to me and said, 'Whatever happened happened, but as a man, I apologize to you.' I told him, 'I appreciate you calling.'" But apparently not enough. "When you get a lot of success, you feel invincible," insists Stoute. "When it's at its worst, you feel above the law."

Some in the hip-hop world say there is nothing better for record sales than bad publicity. Still, it's hard to see this saga as anything but a negative all around. "Whoever was with Sean that day should have helped him calm down and find another way," says the Rev. Walker. "I told him you don't need to have yes-persons around." Combs has said he was momentarily "out of my head" and vowed never to lapse again. "He's very upset at the perception that he let hip-hop down," says Simmons. And something else struck even closer to home. "One of his kids saw him in handcuffs on TV," Simmons adds. "That really upset him. He'll never let that happen again." Let's hope so. No one wants to see Combs joining Death Row Records executive Suge Knight behind bars.

The First Movie Star

A Pickford revival in books and videos proves there's still something about Mary

By RICHARD CORLISS



SHE IS THE GREAT UNKNOWN star. If she is recalled, it is for her curls, her mansion and her second husband Douglas Fairbanks. Mary Pickford was called America's Sweetheart, but even that tribute smacks of candy samplers and crinoline, of a

tintype age as remote as the Flood. Pickford needs to be known to see how quickly and glamorously the movies exploded into feature-length life—and at last she can be. Milestone Films has just reissued spiffy video restorations of six of Pickford's best films, made between 1917 and 1927. *Mary Pickford Rediscovered* (Abrams; 256 pages; \$39.95), an eloquent appreciation by silent-film historian Kevin Brownlow, joins a superb biography, Eileen Whitfield's *Mary Pickford: The Woman Who Made the Movies* (University Press of Kentucky; 416 pages; \$25), in bringing the actress alive on the page. Many of the Brownlow book's photos—evocations of an era that are jaw-droppingly gorgeous in their clarity and power—are now on display at the Motion Picture Academy in Hollywood. A documentary, narrated by Whoopi Goldberg, is headed for video. Like one of her scruffy heroines who find love at the final fadeout, Pickford is back in movie-star style.

And why not? She virtually invented movie stardom. It was Pickford who first kindled the wildfire of film-fan ardor; Charlie Chaplin, no doubt greater, was also later. And it was the 5-ft. pixie, known for playing cute or pathetic little girls, who first made the moguls pay huge sums for talent. "No—I really can not afford to work for only \$10,000 a week," she coyly told Adolph Zukor of Famous Players in 1915, when that was real money.

On- and off-screen, Pickford was the prototype star. She had a stage mother who was her closest and only adviser (Mary faced the money men without an agent or manager). Though she never took director's credit, she supervised every aspect of

production. When she founded United Artists with Fairbanks, Chaplin and D.W. Griffith, Pickford was the one with the canniest business sense. Later she had plastic surgery, three fraught marriages, a substance-abuse problem (alcohol) and two show-biz siblings, Jack and Lottie, with a talent for scandal. Instead of ensuring iconic immortality by dying young, Mary outlived her fame, ending up as cranky and isolated as *Sunset Blvd.*'s Norma Desmond—a role she was offered but turned down.

Born in Toronto in 1892, Gladys Marie Smith was five when her father died; she revered his memory and refashioned it in dozens of movies about kids grieving for their sainted dead dads. To earn money Mary, Jack and Lottie went onstage. Soon they were in New York City, where, at 17, Mary strode into Griffith's Biograph studio and got a film job.

She burst into stardom in 1915, just as picturemania was erupting. Fans mobbed her; they fetishized her luxuriant curls; they bought massage creams and calendars with her face on them. Moviegoers (and movie moguls) just couldn't pay enough to see their darling.

She gave as good as she got. By 1917, Hollywood was turning out features with amazingly assured pizzazz; and Pickford's films, often written by Frances Marion and directed by Marshall Neilan, were the best of the bunch—fresh then, still fresh now. Engaging films like *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, *A Little Princess* and *Daddy-Long-Legs* strutted their effects (dream sequences, clever animation, split

screen and double exposures) in the service of fables as bold as they were sweet.

Most of Pickford's films were parables of class and money: the poor colliding with, and educating, the rich. They shrank neither from the audacious depiction of adult brutality to children nor from the optimism that gave a climactic absolution to the misery that preceded it. Translating her youth into melodrama, Pickford usually played the poor, plucky waif; she suffered for her poverty (she was beaten, scalded, whipped) and, in *Stella Maris*, she died for it. Like Dickens, Pickford wed sentiment to social passion and created enduring popular art.

When she married Fairbanks in 1920, the two reigned as Hollywood's king and queen in their legendary home, Pickfair. He was the athletic bon vivant, she the gracious princess. But the poetic silent picture was replaced by the prosaic talkie, and Pickford was finally too old for her girlish grit to be convincing. She made her last film in 1933 at 40, and within a few years Jack, Lottie and Doug were dead.

Bereft, she quietly drank herself to oblivion, pickled in Pickfair. By her death in 1979, only a few oldsters could recall Little Mary with anything like that innocent gasp of discovery, when she and the movies were young.

Now, with Pickford's instructive life and surpassing art again available for appraisal, we can begin to appreciate the impact of the movies' first star—her gift and her curse. ■



THE ROYAL COUPLE: Mary with husband Fairbanks



“Mary Pickford was one of the happiest memories for anyone ... born into the age of the silent cinema.”

—KEVIN BROWNLOW

SHORT TAKES

TELEVISION

ROGUE TRADER *Cinemax, June 25* You don't give a hoot about *The Phantom Menace*, yet somewhere deep inside, you suspect it won't be a fulfilling summer without a shot of Ewan McGregor.



Witness here, then, the Scotsman's fine turn as Nick Leeson, the British futures trader whose fast-and-loose market executions brought down his employer, Barings, the prominent English bank. The film takes a

sympathetic view of Leeson, which is fine; the problem is, it never offers a sense of the man behind the mania. What does come through is that Leeson ate a lot of candy during crises. Cadbury wrappers shouldn't be made signifiers of emotional distress. —By Ginia Bellafante

BEGGARS AND CHOOSERS *Showtime, Saturdays* It has been two decades since *Network*, and Hollywood still can't get



over the venality and dim-wittedness of the TV business, despite the increasingly lame fall schedules it turns out every year. Never mind, because this satirical hour-long series about the shenanigans at a major network, *LGT*, is worth watching. There's even a beautiful, frighteningly ambitious development exec who would have got Faye Dunaway fired.

—G.B.

MUSIC

TERROR TWILIGHT *Pavement* Listening to this avant-rock band's new album is like arriving late to a mystery movie. You wonder, "Have I missed something?" In the case of *Terror Twilight*, you haven't. About a third of the songs on this album lack musical coherence.



IMAGE, WORD



BUILDING BY THE BOOK. When Bernard Tschumi, a mahatma of architectural theory, does build something, naturally a book follows. *Tschumi La Fresnoy: Architecture In/Between*, although risibly titled, is an engaging study of the conversion of an old leisure center in France into a high-tech film-and-performance complex. Tschumi's simple idea—put a canopy over the whole building, roof and all—has led to a fascinating, complex new space.

substituting aimless dissonance and artless artiness for melody and emotion. On a few tracks, however, *Pavement* lives up to its cerebral reputation; these boast a smart mix of studied elegance and ethereal sweetness. Still, this is a band that needs to replace indulgence with consistency.

—By Christopher John Farley

BOOKS

APPOINTMENT AT THE ENDS OF THE WORLD By William Karelsh Question: How do you remove maggots from under a forest giraffe's skin? Answer: Use your fingers. This bit of bush savvy can be found in Karelsh's entertaining account of his life as a field veterinarian. Parasites abound. Insects try to pierce his flesh, while humans try to empty his wallet. Somewhat jarring is Karelsh's outsized ego. Photos of the author in many poses, as well as asides on what he is looking for in a relationship, sometimes give the book the feel of a personal ad. But then,



what woman could resist a man who knows not to snore when hyenas are around?

—By Eugene Linden

THEATER

IF LOVE WERE ALL *Devised by Sheridan Morley* Born 100 years ago this December, the late Noël Coward will not lack for centenary celebrations. This off-Broadway revue-cum-memoir, about his friendship and collaboration with Gertrude Lawrence (*The King and I*), musters nearly 20 of his songs and is utterly charming. As Lawrence, '60s supermodel Twiggy is bright and bubbly (if overly nasal). As Coward, Harry Groener simply captivates. He wisely avoids mimicry, but his panache is pure Coward, and his renditions of *Mad Dogs and Englishmen* and other Coward specialties are dazzling.

—By William Tynan



CINEMA

RUN, LOLA, RUN *Directed by Tom Tykwer* Flame-haired Lola (Franka Potente) has 20 minutes to get the 100,000 deutsche marks that will save her thug boyfriend's life. So she goes running through Berlin in search of the loot. Could she take a cab, borrow a car, buy a bike? Yes, but in this



breathless adventure logic is less important than a desperate momentum in both the story and the film's style. Telling the plot three times, with cunning variations, Tykwer mixes pixilated photos, split screens, cartooning, the works. Invigorating and annoying, *Lola* could use a dose of Ritalin. Best to take this 76-minute riff on alternate destinies as an antidote to Europe's minimalist art-house cinema and to enjoy Potente's sweaty radiance. With her guile and loping intensity, she's part trickster, part track star. —By Richard Corliss

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Joshua Quittner

and blowing stuff up. At the driving range you get to hit time-delayed exploding golf balls at moving targets—everything from armadillos to hot-air balloons. I felt the game required intensive night testing at my home laboratory, as well as further experimentation under office conditions. My problem was remembering to carry the disc back and forth. The

obvious solution? Make a copy.

As it turns out, there's never been a better time to buy a recordable CD-ROM drive. An appliance that until quite recently rarely made it out of the turbo-geek community has suddenly gone mainstream and is now an option—and in some cases, a standard—on desktop PCs. Even IBM has begun shipping them on selected models.

Some 20 million recordable CD drives are expected to sell in the U.S. this year, three times as many as last year. Partly, that's owing to ever falling costs; you can now get a decent one for \$250 or less. Another reason is the spread of MP3, the hugely popular standard for downloading music online. What better way to store your MP3 collection than on CDs? Blank CD-R discs (which can record only once) cost about \$2 each and hold 650 MB of data. If you figure an average of 5 MB per MP3 tune, one disc holds about 130 songs. By any measure, that's a lot of tunes.

I've been testing IBM's Aptiva E Series 585, which shipped to retail stores last week. At \$1,899 (a monitor costs extra), the 500-MHz Pentium III desktop PC has the usual amenities, but comes with an internal Sony CD-RW drive. RW is industry jargon for rewritable, which means it can handle discs that can be recorded over and over again, just like a floppy disc. CD-RW discs, however, tend to cost about \$10 each and can be flaky, as I soon learned.

I loaded the golf-game disc in the DVD bay and put a blank CD-RW disc in the recordable drive. Adaptec's "CD-burning" software (Easy CD, Creator and Direct



CD) was pre-installed on the PC and started automatically. Following the on-screen prompts, I created a duplicate of my game in about an hour. When the copy was made, the drive automatically ejected the disc, which I popped into my briefcase and took home to my top-secret night lab.

At first my home PC couldn't read the disc.

After a few tries, however, it started working. Go figure. Even more curious was that it took more than 20 minutes to install the program on my hard drive. When I used the original discs on a similar machine at work, it took less than five minutes. Why? It turns out that CD-RW discs use a less reflective material than CD-R discs, which makes them harder to read on older drives. Indeed, if your CD-ROM drive is more than a year old, it may not be able to read your CD-RW disc at all.

Something similar happened when I started duplicating music CDs. I made a copy of Art Pepper's *Smack Up*, but it didn't work in my 18-month-old portable CD player. The solution was a CD-R disc, which can hold up to 74 minutes of audio and worked just fine on my portable player, my PC and my Mac. You'll have to go to the Net to find conversion software that allows you to burn MP3s onto CDs and play them in your Discman, however. None was included. Why? Why? Why? I never got a good answer, but I worked out my frustrations on the exploding driving range. ■

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BYTE THIS Lost your appetite for outpitting photos from digital cameras on fuzzy, low-resolution ink-jet printers? Here's a tastier option: e-mail your images to clubphoto.com, and it'll print them out as sugary frosting on rich, edible shortbread cookies. Using a spray-on process similar to ink-jet printing, the pictures come out clear and bright. The cookies don't taste bad either.



CHEAP PIX Sharp Electronics hopes to dazzle showgoers at this week's PC Expo in New York City with its tiny, 5-oz. Internet ViewCam (\$699), the first digital video camera to store images in the new



MPEG-4 compression standard. Why should you care about MPEG-4? Because it squeezes files so tightly that video clips can easily be

e-mailed to friends or posted on personal Web pages. A 10-sec. MPEG-4 clip, for example, could take as little as 10 seconds to download on a 56-kbps modem. PC users can view the files using the Media Player built into Windows 98. Mac users, once again, are out of luck.

SITTING PRETTY The newest entry in the \$3 billion-a-year office-chair business just might unseat Herman Miller's stylish \$1,000 Aeron, the current favorite. As you lean back in Steelcase's Leap Chair (\$700 to \$1,300, available in August), the seat glides forward so you can keep typing or reading your computer screen without straining your eyes or wrists. Separate upper- and lower-back controls mold the chair to the contours of your back, no matter how much you slouch. —By Anita Hamilton



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Michael Lemonick

Get Creative, Kids

Odyssey of the Mind encourages kids to practice teamwork and learn problem-solving skills

OVER THE COURSE OF OUR VISITS TO THE GALLAGHERS earlier this year, I noticed a gigantic toothbrush gradually taking shape in their living room. Finally, I just had to ask what was going on. It turned out that their son John, a seventh-grader, was putting together a skit with a group of other kids. Their short play was loosely based on Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, except that it was set inside a gigantic mouth, and the main characters were teeth. The theme involved not a tumultuous relationship but

invention of the electric toothbrush. Yet part of the dialogue was lifted verbatim from the Shakespearean original.

Puzzling? I thought so until I learned about the remarkable institution called Odyssey of the Mind. OM, as it's known, gives kids from kindergarten through college a chance to practice teamwork while exercising the mental muscles responsible for creativity. Founded in 1978 by two New Jersey educators who felt that imaginative problem solving was getting short shrift in schools, OM has grown to include teams from all 50 states and 41 other countries; about half a million kids now participate worldwide, competing in regional, state and national contests that culminate in the World Finals each spring.

It all starts in the fall, as each team picks a specific "problem" from a list provided by OM headquarters and sets out to solve it in an imaginative way. The problems are quirky, to say the least. One of them requires a team to put on a skit about a sales transaction that includes several elements: a "memorable customer," a demonstration of an original product that reflects some aspect of the culture in which the performance takes place, and the resolution of a problem involving the business." The kids must also present a "technical element"—a mechanical device of some sort.

Another problem calls for making a weight-bearing, balsa-wood structure that's as light as possible. The problem that



MIND FLEXERS: John, front center, and team with a Shakespearean toothbrush

John's team chose called for not only a Shakespearean flavor but also a historical event, a technical element and a humorous character. Oh, and did I mention the song, with original music and lyrics?

This combination of strict requirements and vague wording—plus a \$100 limit on materials—forces kids to stretch their brains. And

while each team has a coach, often a teacher or parent, that person is forbidden to give instruction. Says Arlene Cohen, 26, a math teacher who coaches John's team at Princeton Day School in Princeton, N.J.: "We're supposed to push them along but never give them solutions. Sometimes I have to leave the room to keep from blurting out advice."

Kids don't always come up with the same answers that adults would, but that's fine. Says Shawn Ford, 39, a foreign-language teacher who coaches two teams in Wisconsin's Kaukauna school district: "It's sometimes frustrating, but it's also fun to watch the kids come up with amazingly creative ideas." And thanks to the rules, credit for the final product—and for meeting the challenges of getting half a dozen or so individuals to organize themselves into a smoothly running team—goes directly to the OMers. "It really feels good," says John, "to know we did it ourselves."

To learn more, check out the OM website at www.odyssey.org. Questions for Lemonick? E-mail him at TimFamily2@aol.com

PLAY SAFE Two out of five playground injuries result from inadequate parental supervision. To make these areas less dangerous for little ones, the National Program for Playground Safety in Cedar Falls, Iowa, is offering guidelines for redoing sites from the '60s and '70s that have concrete aprons and hidden passages. In their place it recommends colorful ramps and stairs with clear sight lines for parents.



WHAT ELSE ISN'T TAKEN? Having trouble finding the perfect wedding gift? You can now do one-click shopping at www.dellajames.com, the largest online registry site. Super-retailers, such as Gump's, as well as smaller specialty shops share

lists, and the happy couple can post personal Web pages. Also, insurers like Fireman's Fund offer coverage for families that fear a wedding-day disaster. But not for a change of heart.



THE LAST TABOO Of all the topics we fear talking about, death is near the top of the list. Half of Americans say they want their family and friends to carry out their final wishes, yet 75% of them have never taken the time to articulate what those desires may be, according to a

new study by the National Hospice Foundation. Surprisingly, parents find it easier to talk to their children about such issues as sex than to talk with their own parents about dying with dignity.

—By Daniel S. Levy



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Christine Gorman

Double Duty

Raloxifene may prevent bone loss and breast cancer, but it's still not ready for widespread use

TWO YEARS AGO THERE WASN'T A PILL IN THE WORLD that had been proved to reduce a woman's risk of developing breast cancer. Today there are two: tamoxifen, which doctors have used for more than 25 years to treat breast tumors after they have formed; and raloxifene, a newer drug that was originally designed to prevent osteoporosis but that, according to a study in last week's issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, may also afford some protection against breast cancer.

Both drugs have been dubbed "designer estrogens" because they block estrogen's ability to promote tumor growth in the breast while at the same time mimicking the hormone's salutary effects on the spine. (About 75% of all breast cancers are estrogen-sensitive.) But they can also trigger serious side effects, including potentially fatal blood clots. So the good news about designer estrogens must always be tempered with some heavy-duty caveats.

Thus far only tamoxifen has been formally approved by the U.S. Food and Drug Administration for reducing the risk of breast cancer. But ever since preliminary data suggested that raloxifene might also help keep breast cancer at bay, the spotlight has been shifting toward the newer drug. Why? Because raloxifene, unlike tamoxifen, doesn't appear to increase a woman's risk of developing uterine cancer.

Last week's *J.A.M.A.* study seemed to tip the balance even further in raloxifene's favor. Researchers, led by Dr. Steven Cummings of the University of California at San Francisco, reported that taking the drug for 3½ years reduced a woman's risk of developing breast cancer an average of 75%. By contrast, a study of tamoxifen completed last year showed that it reduced the incidence of breast cancer 45% over four years. As an added bonus, raloxifene also lowered the amount of LDL, or "bad cholesterol," in the blood.

It would be a mistake, however, to con-

CUTTING THE RISK



Women who took raloxifene had 75% fewer breast cancers than those who took a placebo

clude that raloxifene must be the better drug; the two studies are not directly comparable. The *J.A.M.A.* study looked at women who had a low risk of developing breast cancer, whereas the tamoxifen experiment was conducted using women who had a high risk of getting the disease.

Yet women with a high risk of breast cancer are less likely to develop the kind

of estrogen-sensitive tumors that respond to designer estrogens.

Similarly, neither drug is likely to help women who have inherited the *BRCA1* or *BRCA2* genes, since they are least likely of all to develop estrogen-sensitive tumors. Nor is there any guarantee that raloxifene's effects are long lasting.

Doctors are starting a head-to-head comparison of tamoxifen and raloxifene, with results expected in about five years. In the meantime, it may be that the only women who should consider raloxifene are those at highest risk of osteoporosis—the group for whom it was originally designed. (If that includes you, you should also consult your doctor about another drug, called alendronate, that may do a better job of preventing osteoporosis, although it gives some people severe heartburn.) The trick, as always, is to weigh the risks and benefits of drug treatment against your particular needs and medical history. ■

For more about designer estrogens, visit our website at time.com/personal. You can e-mail Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

MOMMY TRACK New moms seem to be enjoying a bit more time in the hospital for recovery after giving birth. A government report—the first since the public outcry over “drive-by deliveries”—finds that the average hospital stay for a vaginal delivery has inched up about half a day, from 1.7 days in 1995 to 2.1 today. That’s still something of a bum’s rush compared with 1980, when the average time in the hospital was 3.2 days.



about 20% of the time, electrically charged paddles don’t do the trick. Now there’s help. A new study shows that defibrillators can work in problem cases if patients are first treated with a drug called ibutilide.

BAD NEWS

SLEEP ALARM As if Parkinson’s patients didn’t have enough problems, doctors say a drug called Mirapex may, in rare instances, cause them to fall asleep suddenly. That’s no big deal if you’re in bed or even at a boring meeting, but big trouble if you’re speeding down a highway.

BRAIN STRAIN Feel like you can’t think straight when you’re stressed out?

You’re probably right. Researchers who injected volunteers with cortisol—a hormone secreted during stress—report that those who received the highest doses for the longest period (four days) had the most trouble recalling a story they had just been told. There is a bright spot: a week after the hormone injections stopped, memory was completely restored.

—By Janice M. Norowitz

Sources—Good News: Centers for Disease Control, New England Journal of Medicine (6/27/99); Bad News: Neurology (6/19/99); Archives of General Psychiatry (6/99)



Daniel Kadlec

The Prenup Audit

Before you seal the marriage deal, make sure you and your fiancé are intimate about money

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO TRUE LOVE? FINANCIALLY literate couples planning to walk down the aisle this summer are likely to consider first how their be-

trothed spent money as a teen, his or her credit-card balance, and the need for a prenup. Bubble-bursting stuff if you believe love conquers all, yet so practical that a cottage industry peddling financial advice to newlyweds has sprung up like a June flower, reminding us that half of all marriages end in divorce and that money is a main culprit. Several books

on money talk for newlyweds have hit the stores, and there's been a blossoming of seminars on couples budgeting. Citibank and Dreyfus distribute tips on how to discuss money with your intended. Strong Funds has just begun sharing its wisdom on the issue, the result of Strong financial planner Scott Grittinger's getting engaged and uncovering a few surprises. "As I started talking with my fiancé about our goals, it quickly turned into a discussion of money, and we realized that we had vastly different views," Grittinger says. She wanted to use two incomes to buy a big house, and Grittinger wanted to live on one income, thinking ahead to the day when one of them might quit work.

Money disputes between newlyweds are a growing pain, partly because marriage now comes later in life. Once you're in your mid-30s, your bad habits (money or otherwise) are tough to break. Also, one partner is more likely to bring substantially greater wealth to the union. And let's face it, men, the days when we called the shots on big items are long gone. Bottom line: a Citibank survey finds that 57% of divorces stem from arguments over money.

So set romance aside for a day. If you want your marriage to outlast the Ricky Martin craze, ask your future spouse some tough questions. Most simmering differences can be defused by talk before they heat to a boil. But if you run into a pig-headed partner who feels the family finances are none of your business, consider it a deal breaker. You are bound to discov-

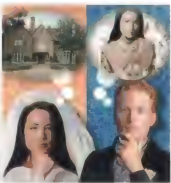


PHOTO: SHUTTER STOCK

er that your priorities have not been taken seriously. And if your fiancé lies in a big way about personal assets or debts, don't go anywhere near a church. Such seeds of mistrust will surely flower.

What should you talk about? Start with how money was treated in your family. Was the emphasis on saving? Or did you live in a free-spending environment? Did you work as a teen? Pay your way through college? Values are often handed down. Understand your partner's financial roots. Talk about credit cards. One of the biggest causes of early divorce is one spouse's penchant for running up the balance while the other saves. Opposites attract. But can you live with it day to day?

Ask your intended for a full financial disclosure, and exchange credit reports to get an understanding of your fiancé's spending patterns. Talk about when you want to buy a house, how you plan to save for retirement, and what you're willing to sacrifice to reach such goals. Consider separate accounts for guiltless discretionary spending, but expect to keep the bulk of your marital money jointly.

Do you need a prenuptial agreement? Most do not, and it's a thorny issue to raise for no reason. But consider one if there are kids outside your marriage, you own a business or you have significantly more wealth than your partner. Love knows no bounds. And neither does a good divorce lawyer. ■

See time.com/personal for more on couples' budgets. E-mail Dan at kadlec@time.com. See him on CNNfn Tues. at 12:45 p.m. E.T.

SMOKING BREAK The IRS apparently figures that people who live longer pay taxes longer. That might explain why the agency will now allow smokers to deduct the unreimbursed cost of antismoking programs or prescription drugs as a medical expense on their returns—as long as total medical costs exceed 7.5% of gross income. (Nicotine patches and gum don't count.) To make a claim from previous years, file a 1040X amended return.



FUND FLEE With investors taking financial matters into their own hands, how can a mutual fund keep them from deserting? An increasingly popular tactic, according to Financial Research Corp., is to slap them with a fee for making an early exit. More than 300 stock funds now impose a redemption fee, with most

EARLY EXIT
Mutual funds charging redemption fees.



Source: Financial Research Corp.

levying a 1% to 2% penalty, for bailing within the first three-to-six months. Invesco just instituted a fee on nine funds. Direct-marketed, no-load funds most often use the fees, but Janus and Strong have largely resisted the trend.

RATE-A-TRADE In online trading, speed is of the essence. The time it takes to get a stock can mean the difference between making a killing and getting killed. Now a new Web broker index at keynote.com tracks how long it takes to place buy orders. Industry leader E*Trade isn't faring too well, but it disputes the measuring tools and notes that it has scored well in other rankings. Still, E*Trade vows to improve.

—By Daniel Eisenberg

ONLINE TRADING INDEX, June 7-11

BEST: Performance (seconds)	Success Rate
Dreyfus	7.64 94.9%
Scottrade	8.52 97.8%
Brown & Company	11.86 96.2%

WORST:

National Discount	33.51	90.7%
Ameritrade	37.66	96.1%
E*Trade	40.51	75.7%

Source: Keynote Systems



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WELCOME TO THE FIRM

A fresh face (and a new countess) joins the House of Windsor

By the time Queen Elizabeth's youngest son took a bride last Saturday, all the allusions to fairy-tale princesses and royal happily-ever-afters had been used and then discredited by her other children. Conveniently, this wedding and this couple, **EDWARD WINDSOR** and **SOPHIE RHYS-JONES**, appear to be different.

With her own public relations firm, Sophie, 34, is more mature than either the naive Diana or the coltish Fergie when they married into the family. And Edward, 35, has launched a career as a television producer.

On an overcast afternoon he was greeted by 8,000 cheering locals outside and 550 invited guests inside St. George's Chapel at Windsor Castle, which despite its vaulted grandeur was chosen for its relative intimacy, in keeping with the couple's wish for a low-key affair.

Onlookers applauded when Sophie arrived with her father, a former tire salesman. Considerably less crinolined than the dresses of Diana and Sarah, Sophie's fitted silk-organza-and-crepe gown nevertheless boasted 325,000 cut-glass and pearl beads and a formidable train. Her veil was affixed with a diamond tiara borrowed from the Queen.

The conundrum of what to wear on their own heads had bedeviled the wedding's female invitees, as Sophie had asked them to remain hatless. While the Queen Mother, 98, ignored the edict, others adorned their hair with feathers.

Though they deviated from regal norms in many ways, the couple recited centuries-old vows and consented to a carriage ride through Windsor before returning to the castle for a buffet-dinner reception. In the end, the couple bowed to tradition—but not too deeply.



As a wedding gift, the Queen bestowed the titles of Earl and Countess of Wessex on the couple, seen here following the ceremony



Edward arrived at the church on foot, accompanied by his clearly relaxed brothers Prince Charles, left, and Prince Andrew, right



A wind fluttered Sophie's crystal-studded veil as she arrived



We are amused: a refreshingly jolly Queen after the ceremony



Princess Beatrice came, but her mother Fergie was not invited



Princes William and Harry get a small taste of what they're in for



The Queen and Prince Philip await the nuptials

Michael Kinsley

The Fifth Columnists of Kosovo

ON ITS FACE, THIS HAS THE LOOK OF A VICTORY FOR President Clinton," sniffed the *Wall Street Journal* editorial page the day after the Kosovo peace deal. The editors were unable to hide their irritation that the U.S. would not be humiliated after all, that NATO would survive, and that America had done good in the world at little cost to itself.

Critics of the Kosovo project—some of whom said we should stay out, some of whom said we should go in with ground troops, many of whom managed to say both these things, and all of whom predicted that the Serbs would never cave—are bitter. Slobodan Milosevic betrayed them! Doesn't he watch the Sunday talk shows? Doesn't he know that air power never works? Has he forgotten that he represents a centuries-old tradition of ethnic violence? Where is that quagmire he was supposed to produce?

Milosevic probably does not watch the Sunday talk shows. But he surely was influenced in his thinking about when to hold and when to fold by his assessment of the climate of opinion in the U.S. Relentless predictions of quagmire are partly self-fulfilling. The constant carpers and gloomy doomsters of the commentariat and Capitol Hill encouraged Milosevic to think America would fold first. Thus they prolonged the war and added to the human cost they claimed to deplore. Of course, this complaint could be used to discredit dissent in any war, and often has been. Aiding and comforting the enemy was a frequent charge against the antiwar movement during Vietnam. Today, when almost nobody denies that Vietnam really was a quagmire, the only argument left against those who called it a quagmire at the time is that they were responsible for making it one.

Recent years have seen amazing reversals of traditional political postures, none more amazing than on the issue of using military force. Although the pattern is mixed and shifting, in Kosovo and other recent military controversies liberals are more likely to favor military action and conservatives are more likely to oppose it. The folks who frothed about protesters undermining the war effort are now doing it themselves.

The term fifth column was coined in 1936 by a Francoite general during the Spanish Civil War. He boasted that he had four columns of soldiers marching on Madrid plus an invisible fifth column of supporters within the civilian community. George Orwell, who fought as a volunteer on the other side of that war, wrote in 1941, "Objectively, whoever is not on the

side of the policeman is on the side of the criminal," and therefore Britons who opposed fighting the Germans (on pacifist grounds) were "objectively . . . pro-Nazi." But by 1944 Orwell had changed his mind and declared that to accuse dissenters of supporting the other side is "dishonest" because it "disregard[s] people's motives."

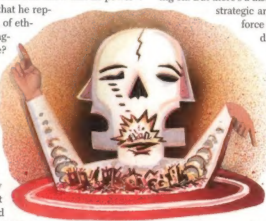
When to go to war is the most important question a democracy faces. You cannot disqualify all dissent on the grounds that it helps the enemy. And Vietnam put an end to the notion that dissent should stop once the decision to fight has been made. If not for protests while that war was going on, it might still be going on. But there's a distinction between making a moral or

strategic argument against the use of military force and relentlessly predicting military disaster. There's also a distinction between heartfelt opposition to a use of military force and treating this issue as fodder for a different and less important battle of politics and personalities. The intense suspicion of President Clinton by the Washington press corps and punditocracy and the extreme partisanship of the Republican congressional leadership heavily influenced the public dialogue on Kosovo. No one called Vietnam a quagmire for five years. Kosovo was declared a

quagmire after about five days. Press suspicion and Republican partisanship are reasonable enough, but there ought to be a sense that criticism of a military operation in progress should meet a higher standard of seriousness because such criticism does aid the enemy, whether it is intended to or not.

Yes, Kosovo critics generally took care to say they opposed the war but supported the troops. Even that usually meaningless ritualistic distinction, though, often came barbed with the innuendo that the draft dodger President did not support or respect the troops (or he wouldn't put them at risk so promiscuously). It was very clever to have figured out how to use Clinton's antiwar past against him when he decides to use force and when he decides not to. But this is just the kind of sound-bite strategizing that ought to be suspended for the duration.

Faced with the unpleasant choice between acquiescing to ethnic cleansing and paying in American blood to stop it, Bill Clinton characteristically chose "neither"—and characteristically seems to have lucked out. No doubt this is annoying to political opponents and unfriendly commentators who thought they had him in a checkmate. In their annoyance, the critics should at least keep in mind that their country lucked out too. ■





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